

SPARKS

FROM

MY FORGE



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# SPARKS FROM MY FORGE;

BY

*Mass* ✓  
REV. A. B. KENDIG,

*of Worcester Mass*  
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

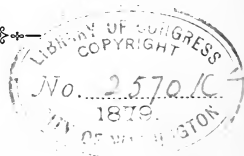
REV. B. K. PEIRCE, D. D.,

EDITOR OF ZION'S HERALD.

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"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." BACON.

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FIRST EDITION. —❖❖❖—  
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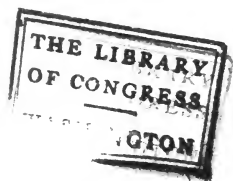


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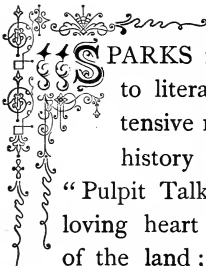
TO ALL WHO ARE  
EARNESTLY SEEKING THE PATH OF LIFE,  
AND TO THE FAITHFUL WORKERS WHO ARE STRIVING  
TO RECLAIM THE ERRING, THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY

## Dedicated

BY ITS AUTHOR; WHO, THROUGH GOD'S GRACE, AND THE  
AID OF LOVING CHRISTIANS, HAS FOUND THE DELIGHT-  
FUL WAY OF PEACE, JOY, PURITY AND LOVING  
SERVICE FOR CHRIST AND SOULS.

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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 SPARKS from my Forge " makes no claim to literary merit, scholastic excellence, extensive research or theological novelty. Its history is the story of a saved life ; its "Pulpit Talks," the faithful words of a pastor's loving heart for the young men and women of the land ; its "Miscellany" gives my convictions, experience, and information on its several topics.

If the critic shall find something to condemn in arrangement, language, or doctrine, it is confidently believed the hungry will find food, the struggling hope, and all encouragement and comfort.

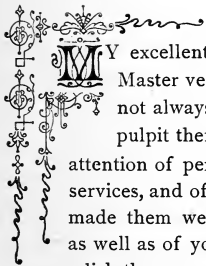
If the story of my salvation shall inspire one soul to try and gain heaven ; if its pulpit talks, shall give impetus and direction to but one seeker of the better life ; and its miscellany give to the weary toilers only an hour of pleasurable occupation, I will forever praise Him who gave me strength and courage to write and issue the book.

A. B. KENDIG.

WORCESTER, MASS., Feb. 12, 1879.

## INTRODUCTION.

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MY excellent friend—who has been made by the Master very successful in reaching classes of men not always found in our houses of worship, whose pulpit themes and manner of treatment arrest the attention of persons not accustomed to attend religious services, and of others whose temptations and vices have made them well-nigh despair of reform and salvation, as well as of young people who have somewhat lost the relish they once had, in earlier and purer days, for the Church of their parents, and for the searching truths of the Gospel—has been persuaded to select some of the discourses which have been so successful, both in winning attention and securing conviction, and to give them a permanent form. Striking as they are, and full of the marrow of the Gospel, as well as made attractive by illustration, they will not seem to the calm reader as they did to the deeply impressed hearer when delivered. The man himself is absent. The pleasant and persuasive voice, the earnest manner, the searching or melting eye, the intense conviction symbolized in every movement of the preacher, are lacking as these incisive and wholesome words of exhortation, counsel and persuasion will be read. There is nothing so effective as the living speaker, standing as the ambassador of God, his whole soul moved by the solemnity and importance of his message, pleading with men to accept the divine terms of pardon and salvation.

But when men have yielded their hearts to God in obedience

## INTRODUCTION.

to the preached word, both the minister and his message become very dear to them. We are not surprised that the various congregations where our friend has ministered, as the appointed shepherd of the flock, desire to have, as prized mementoes, some of these well-remembered discourses. Other eyes also will fall upon them, and with the divine blessing, they will become the power of God unto salvation. The attractiveness of their style and their fullness and freshness of illustration will awaken an interest in them that printed sermons rarely receive. Besides, his ministerial brethren will be glad to see the form in which he embodies the truth of the Gospel to make it so effectual in drawing the floating masses to the place of worship.

It is a courageous and devout act to open his own heart and life to his readers, taking them all into his most intimate confidence and permitting them to look upon the saddest and darkest passages in his somewhat eventful career. His autobiographical sketch is far from being the least interesting portion of the book. The writer is, indeed, a "brand plucked from the burning." His experience will give fresh courage to those who are praying and laboring to save the victims of appetite and those who have hardened themselves in wrong doing. It confirms once more the divine assertion that the special office of the Gospel is "to seek and to save that which is lost," and its efficiency to redeem even unto the uttermost.

We cheerfully bid God-speed to this useful and impressive volume. It will go preaching on down the ages when its author, and those who have heard the sermons, have been long slumbering in the grave. May rich and abundant fruit from its sowing be constantly seen for many years to come; so that when its author rests from his labors, his work will still follow him to the scene of his reward!

BRADFORD K. PEIRCE.

ZION'S HERALD OFFICE,

Boston, Feb. 17, 1879.

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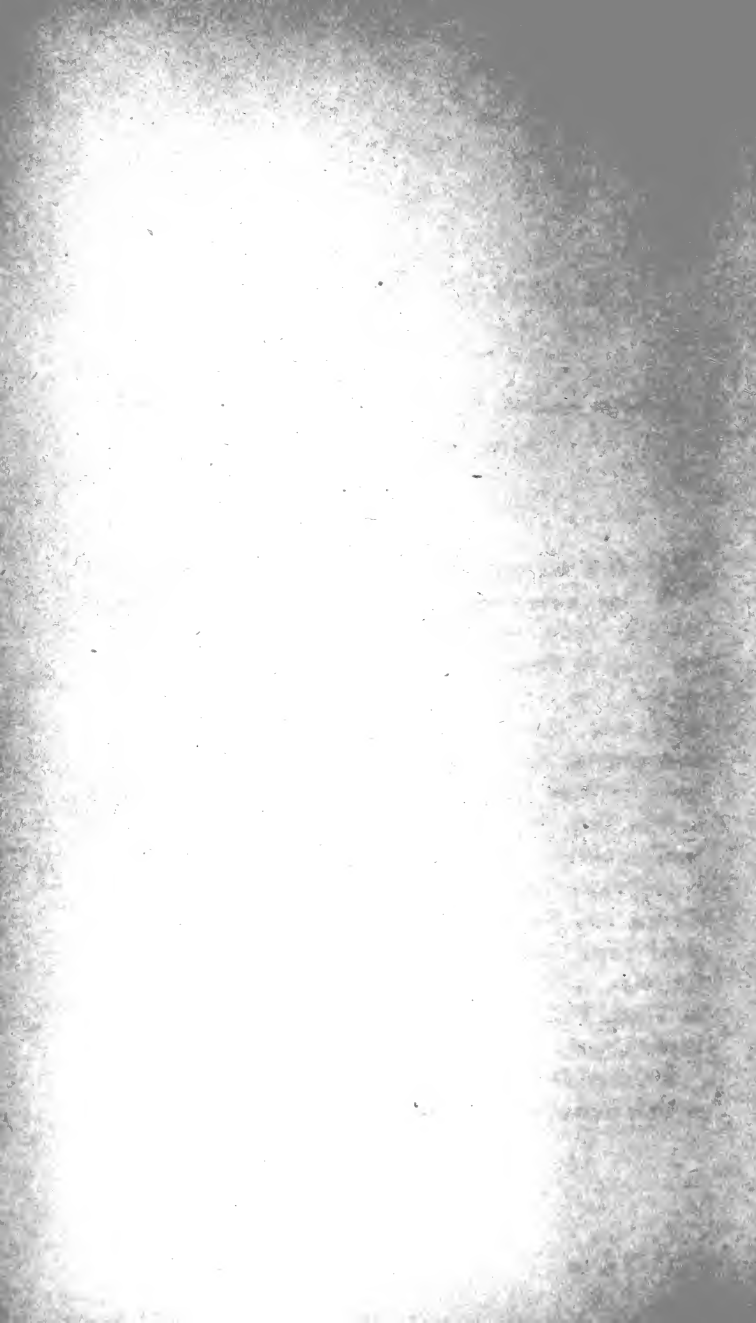
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In Christ

Your Bro

A. B. Hendig  
"



TRINITY M. E. CHURCH,  
WORCESTER, MASS.

22 APR 12

FROM NY

## A LOOK AT THE AUTHOR.

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A BRIEF SKETCH OF MY LIFE, FROM MY NATURAL  
TO MY SPIRITUAL BIRTH.

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**A**BOUT the year 1683 the Mennonites received an invitation from that noble Friend and Christian, William Penn, to emigrate to America, and settle on land in Pennsylvania. The generous offer was accepted by this oppressed people, who were anxious to escape Romish persecutions, and worship God according to their own convictions of duty. So generally did they avail themselves of this invitation, that in less than fifty years some five hundred or more families came to Pennsylvania from England (whither persecutions had driven them), the German Palatinates, and Switzerland. In 1709, under a special grant from this same wise governor and generous Christian, — Mr. Penn, — they established a colony in Pequa Valley, of what was then, and is now, Lancaster County.

Whether these colonists came directly from Europe, or only moved out from among those who had previ-

ously settled in Germantown, I cannot now definitely say ; but among those colonists in Lancaster County are the names of Neff, Barr, Brackbill, Herr, Kendig, and others, so that my blood comes nationally from the Swiss, and religiously from the Mennonites : I should, therefore, be patriotic and pious.

Francis Kendig married Anna Neff. Of the issue of this marriage, there were three children lived to adult age, — Francis, Katie, and Samuel. The latter married Susan, the daughter of Abraham and Susan Barr, of Bart Township. There were born to this husband and wife seven children, of whom the subject of this sketch was the sixth.

I was born in Lampeter Township, on the banks of the Pequa Creek, in the county of Lancaster, September 19, 1830. Of seven children, but three sisters and myself survived the death of our parents. I was the youngest of the four survivors. When I was sixteen months old, my dear mother died a few weeks after giving birth to another son, who deceased before the mother. Of course I have no recollection at all of my mother ; but I was told she was a pious and God-fearing mother, and when about to die, she put her hand lovingly on me, her baby boy, and prayed fervently that the good Father above would care for and bless the child she left. As in life obedient, so in death, she followed the Master, and ceased at once to suffer and to live.

Before I was seven years of age, I lost my father

Also, by the following accident. He was a great sportsman, — fond of horses, dogs, guns, and all that pertains to a hunter's outfit. We were residing in the village of Washington, a few miles below Columbia, on the Susquehanna River, where father kept a hotel and store. A Mr. Linderman, a gunsmith, and my father arranged to go over the river duck-shooting. Arriving at the river's bank, where was their boat, Mr. L. laid the guns in, with their muzzles on the gunwale of the boat. My father went forward to unlock the boat from the tree. In the left side of the vest he wore, a hole had been burned by a spark from his cigar. As he bent forward, in the act of loosening the boat, Mr L. stepped into the boat, and struck the hammer of his gun with his foot, exploding the cap, and putting the entire load of heavy duck-shot into the abdomen of my father, through the burned hole in his vest. He instantly fell, exclaiming, "I am killed !"

I was with him at the moment, begging his consent to accompany them. Child as I was, I was stunned and dismayed at the accident, without being able to comprehend it in all its terribleness.

Mr. L. dispatched me at once to our house with the mournful intelligence to father's wife, to whom he had been married but a few weeks. He was soon brought into his home, and laid on the floor of the parlor. His only utterance, after getting into the house, was the prayer, "God have mercy on me !"

He died in less than an hour from the time of the accident.

Although I remember many things that happened before the death of my father, and although I have an almost painfully vivid recollection of his sad death, I cannot recall a single feature, so as to form any idea as to his appearance. The shock upon my nervous system seemed to have completely effaced every outline of his form and features from my memory. Many years have passed since that calamity that robbed me of my father ; yet even to this hour I have an instinctive horror of firearms, and find it almost impossible to sight over a gun-barrel and pull the trigger without averting my gaze or closing my eyes.

After the death of my father, the family was broken up, and my sisters, Elizabeth and Susannah, and myself were taken by my uncle, Mr. Francis Kendig, my father's brother, and my oldest sister, Annie, was taken by Mr. Benjamin Barr, whose wife, Katie, was my father's sister. Soon after, my sister Lizzie fell from a cherry tree, and fractured her arm and received some other injuries, from which *tetanus* or locked-jaw ensued, and she survived the fall only two weeks. My sisters Annie and Susan both lived to adult age, married, and were blessed with children. They have deceased years since, leaving me the sole survivor of the family of nine.

As told me by others, my parents were perfect antipodes in temperament. My father was courageous,



active, nervous, wiry, and boisterously frolicsome. Liberal to prodigality, none wanted while he could help ; but, dying, he left his young family penniless. Mother was modest, meek, timid and retiring, court-ing privacy, and finding her true enjoyment in the midst of her little family and her immediate friends. My father never was so happy as when behind a horse that nobody else dared drive ; and it is said that his owning a horse added at once twenty-five dollars to his value. But poor mother rode with him in constant alarm, and many a time was known to beg, "Samuel, do let me get out ! I am sure we shall be killed !"

My people had no very definite idea of holiness of heart or life. Great social parties, with abundance of liquors, and sabbath visitings, were their especial delight. All the families kept their side-board filled with liquors ; all the farmers served liquor to their harvest-hands ; so that very early I was made acquainted with the use of liquors. My cousin Samuel and myself used regularly to drain the glasses of the liquors that guests at my uncle's side-board would leave. One of my uncles belonged to an association that fined its members five dollars for every time they went home from the club headquarters sober enough to ride a horse. I am sorry to say he did not pay many fines. Though a frugal and hard-working people, and among the very best farmers in the country, they knew nothing about experimental religion.

Like most boys at the age of ten and eleven, I grew

tired of farm-life, and was anxious to get into the city. My oldest sister, Annie, married Mr. John Metzger, a merchant tailor of Lancaster City. It was finally determined that I should learn the tailor's trade, and so at the age of eleven and a half I was apprenticed to my brother-in-law until I was twenty-one.

The Sabbath before the Monday I was to go to the city, I slept much of the day, so that it should pass away the quicker. Like hundreds of other boys when in the city, I found the bad, but not the good. While I worked hard and faithfully for my brother-in-law, [who kept three or four apprentices and several journeymen,] I soon drifted into the wider and more rapid currents of sin and sinners. I soon found my way into the ranks of the firemen, [then volunteer associations,] and became a member of the "Sun" company, and ran regularly with the "machine." I swore, smoked, and drank, spending much of my leisure time in the hose-house. I soon became the leader of a gang of young ruffians, who were the disgrace of the city, and the terror of the quiet and orderly in the community. The height of our ambition was to raise a false alarm of fire, and often *plan* for an *actual* one; or have a fight with other gangs of boys as rude and rough as ourselves.

For a little while I attended Sabbath-school in the Lutheran Church, and occasionally would attend divine service with my sister, who felt for me all the

love and care of a mother. But my Sabbaths were generally spent in the saloons, the engine-house, at the river, the reservoir, or on the street. I soon became notorious; and more than once have I overheard others say of me, as I passed by, "There goes a boy that will die on the gallows!"

Even at this time of extreme wickedness I had periods of *soul-sorrow*. But I knew not what ailed me, nor did others; for I and they said it was the "*blues*." Now I know it was conviction for sin. So pungent and powerful was this conviction, that for days I would not leave the house, would avoid all my associates, forsake the engine-house, and would not respond to the well-known signals of my crowd, as they gave them in front of the house night after night, or Sabbath after Sabbath. These seasons passed, the boys would ask, as I mingled with them again, "Jack, what's the matter with you? Going to be pious?" and similar remarks.

The Rev. Mr. Geary, of the Philadelphia Conference, was, a part of this time, pastor of the Methodist Church in North Duke Street; and, although all my religious bias was against the Methodists, when these periods of spiritual unrest came upon me, I would go to Mr. Geary's church; and as he would appeal to the Cross, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, my boyish heart was melted, and my tears would fall, despite my efforts to prevent them; and if the right influence, through the right person, had touched me

at that time, from how much sin and sorrow I might have been saved ! But the truth is, I was so vicious, that, though but a stripling, few if any outside of my two dear sisters had any hope of my reformation, — much less of my salvation. My immediate relatives used to say, “Amos will make a very good man, or a very bad one ;” and the majority of them thought it would be the *bad* one.

I became enamored with a desire to go to sea, and when but fifteen ran away with another boy. We left the city in our best Sunday clothes, on a Sabbath afternoon. My suit consisted of white pants, white stockings and pumps, with a green, swallow-tailed coat, white shirt, with collar *à la* Byron, and black necktie, sailor fashion. Missing the train, we started on foot, and traveled some twelve miles on the railroad, stopping over night at the “Burden-hand Hotel.” We had supper, asked for a bed, slept soundly, and arose in the morning much refreshed. Before breakfast I said to my companion, “We mustn’t eat much, as we have but little to pay with.” But he was wiser than I, for he said, “I’ll eat all I can ; for I don’t know when I’ll have another chance.”

We “pooled” our cash, he becoming treasurer. With great assurance he walked up to the counter, and said, “Landlord, what is our bill?” The old gentleman, looking at us benevolently, said, “I guess, boys, you haven’t much money, and I’ll be easy on you. Give me twenty-five cents apiece.” “But,”

responded the treasurer, "we haven't got so much as that!" "Then I'll not charge you at all." We had but thirty-seven and a half cents, and we lost one-third of that before we left the hotel.

Here we boarded a freight train, and moved on toward Philadelphia, which, after several days of varying adversity, we reached, having to sleep in open cars at night, and live on berries during the day. We were in want, "and no man gave unto us." In the city of P. we were forced to beg. My companion went into a bakery, and begged some bread. A half loaf was thrown him, which he eagerly grabbed; and, with that under his arm, we sauntered along the street until we found a pump. Seating ourselves on the curb-stone beside it, we ate our bread and drank the water, and voted it the best meal of our lives. We were arrested, and taken back to Lancaster.

Again I ran away, and went to Baltimore, and tried to enlist in the United States Navy; but because I was a minor (being only sixteen), they would not enlist me. I then sought employment; but failing in this, I enlisted as a soldier in the United States Army for the Mexican War. This was in the summer of 1847. I was accepted as a recruit, and, with many others, was sent to Fort McHenry, a few miles from the city.

I soon felt I was in the wrong place, and made up my mind to desert. The troop-ships to carry us to Vera Cruz had anchored off the fort, and we expected

the embarkation would begin in a few days. What I did must be done quickly ; and, as it is my nature to act promptly, I formed my plans immediately.

I had but one dollar and fifty cents in money, and a gold ring, the gift of a dear sister. I had made the acquaintance in the fort of a most desperate Baltimore rough, who knew every foot of the city and its environs. I told him my purpose, and said, "I'll give you all my money and my ring, if you'll put me on the Reisterstown Pike." "I'll do it," was his quick response.

He arranged with the guard at a certain point to let us pass, "as it was our turn to run the mail ;" [this "*running the mail*" meant to hang a beef's entrail on your body, under your clothes, go into the city, and, getting it filled with whiskey, return with it in the same way, and drink it with your comrades.]

We passed by the guard all right, and my guide safely piloted me to the agreed rendezvous, and left me. I walked all night with my regimentals on, and found my way after dark the next evening into the house of a relative in Reisterstown, Maryland, where I was carefully secreted for a season, until my dear and noble cousin, Samuel Kendig, of the Worthington Valley, came to see me, and, putting on my back a full suit of citizen's clothes, took me to his father's home, where I found a most cordial welcome. With this same uncle I had made my home after the death of my father. (Since I left his home before, he had

removed to Maryland.) A few days after this an armistice was declared, out of which grew peace.

My uncle grew interested in me, and, after a year or more, procured me a situation in a wholesale liquor house in Baltimore, on Pratt Street, with a Portuguese merchant by the name of Pomeroy. Here I drank some, and learned something of the villainous compounds that enter into most of the brandies and wines that are sold in our American restaurants.

I finally left here, and stood behind a bar, dealing out the terrible death-drink to every poor fellow who could pay for it. Many a morning these poor besotted men would come in soon after daylight, shivering with the cold, and begging a drink, [for they had slept under a store-box, in a lumber-yard, on a freight car, or on the back-door steps of somebody's house,] and many a drink I gave the poor boys, without money or price.

Quitting the saloon, I shipped as a boy before the mast on the packet barque "Chapin," running between Baltimore and New Orleans. I was intent on reaching my mother's brother, Mr. Michael Barr, a well-to-do farmer, residing near Quincy, Illinois.

Going on board the ship the evening before the morning of sailing, we dropped down the bay some three or more miles, and anchored for the night. Our crew were shipped, and every man of them brought on board drunk. I was the only sober one in the fore-castle that night. I took on board with me

two gallons of brandy. I was put on watch that night to keep the men from stealing a boat and pulling back to the city. I had time for reflection. By midnight, stupor, whiskey, and sleep had overpowered the crew, and nothing was heard but the flapping of the cordage, rattling of the blocks, and splashing of the waves on the hull of the vessel. I thought of my mother, whom I never knew, and could but ask myself, would I be *what I am and where I am* had she lived? My father, too, who doted on me; what would he think could he see his only son here and now? It was his purpose to have me a lawyer or a physician. I saw, in my fancy, my sister kneeling in her room; for I felt she was constantly praying for me. I was in tears! I prayed too! I resolved to be better, to be a *man*, and disappoint them all! Alas, for human weakness!

We reached New Orleans after about twenty days. I left the vessel, and worked on the levee for some time, and then shipped as a *deck-hand*, on the steamer "John Adams," for St. Louis. Here again I worked on the wharf for some weeks, and then started in February to walk to Quincy, the home of my uncle, about one hundred and sixty miles north. My route lay through Missouri until I reached Palmyra, at which point I crossed the great river into Illinois. There was a February thaw, the ice was brittle, and the people warned me of the danger in trying to cross. But I was not easily intimidated,



and, arming myself with a pole some fifteen feet long, essayed to perform the perilous task, many watching me from the shore. The river at this place is over half a mile wide. I was successful until I neared the Illinois shore, when I went through; but by struggle, presence of mind, and the Divine help, I swam out and reached the shore, my clothes frozen to my body. I begged a night's lodging in a cabin, which was readily granted, with true Western hospitality. My host put me to bed, and spent many hours of the night in drying my clothes.

The next day I continued my journey, and having to cross a creek, much swollen, and double its ordinary width, with no bridge within miles of me, I improvised a boat out of a log that had lodged on the shore. Securing a pole for pushing and steering, I mounted the stern end of the log, and after some effort succeeded in floating it. When fairly under way, the rapid current caught it and commenced to roll it over, and of course, rolled me off. Now again I must swim for life; and after a great effort I reached the north shore, quite exhausted, with my clothes again frozen. I sought the friendly shelter of another cabin, and received the same kind hospitality as in the former instance.

The next day I succeeded in reaching my uncle's. He was as much surprised to see me as if I had risen from the dead; for he supposed I was in New Orleans, from which place I had written him for aid,

and he had favorably responded by letter. But there were neither railroads nor telegraphs then, and, tired of waiting and working in New Orleans, I had resolved to push on. He welcomed me cordially, and for a time I was comfortable. But I had habits that were unpleasant to my uncle, and my ways were very offensive to him. On one occasion, in rebuking me, he referred me to his own sons and the sons of a neighbor, remarking how quiet and orderly they were, and he thought I should try and be like them. I was impatient, and said, "Uncle, your boys have never been out of sight of the smoke of their own father's chimney. Send them through the same hell that I have been through, and if they don't come out worse burned than I am, then talk to me."

From the beginning, not one who had anything to do with me knew my nature, nor how to manage me. I was whipped until my feet sopped in the blood of my body, as it ran into my shoes; and scars from whipping are on my body now, never more to leave it! Ignorant management of a child, will as often ruin it, as a vicious nature. Wiser and better parents would make gentler and holier children.

I left my uncle after a year and a half, and went into Quincy, and entered the law office of Messrs. Browning & Bushnell, then among the most eminent barristers in the State of Illinois. I was poor, and so took a room and boarded myself, bread and milk being my staple diet.

After some time I re-visited Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Getting with my old companions, I was soon under the influence of drink, and for days scarcely drew a sober breath. I made up my mind that would never do. I must leave if I would save myself. Coming into my sister's house one afternoon, quite intoxicated, I passed into the room in which she was sitting. I took a seat. She spoke not a word, but burst into a flood of tears. I said, "Sister, you think it is all over with brother, don't you? Never mind, — I'll be a man yet."

The next morning at breakfast I announced my determination to go West again that night. To keep sober, I remained in the house all day. During the afternoon, my sister Annie came into the parlor where I was sitting, and drawing up a stool took a seat before me, resting her elbows on my knees and her face in her two hands, and, with her eyes fixed on mine, said, "My brother, do you not feel at times that you ought to preach?" "Why, Annie! what *do you mean?* Such a wretch as me preach?" "Amos, I am sure God wants you for a preacher."

She remained with me until midnight, and then went with me alone to the depot. When she kissed me good-by, she said, "Remember, wherever you are, I am praying for you three times every day." We parted. I returned to the law office in Quincy.

From here I went to a sister of my mother's, in Iowa, Mrs. Judith Groff; for I had now determined to

make my home in that State, and practice law, the profession I had chosen in deference to my father's wishes, and my own predilections. My aunt welcomed me to her home most cordially. She resided in Iowa County, a mile from Marengo, the county seat, and about fifty miles west from Davenport. Here, for the first time in my life, I was thrown entirely under a direct and constant Methodist influence, hearing no preachers of any other denomination. The preachers were rude, and in some cases illiterate, but simple-hearted, deeply pious, and terribly in earnest. As a young lawyer, coming fresh from the East, I found much to laugh at and ridicule, in these messengers of God. I was captious and conceited, and loved controversy with Christians and ministers, taking any side for the sake of argument. Because of this *penchant*, I greatly distressed my excellent Christian aunt.

It was quarterly meeting on the Marengo Mission, and the Rev. D. Worthington, Presiding Elder of the Iowa City District, was in charge of it. The meeting was held in Marengo, in the court-house. It commenced on Friday night, as they usually did in those days, and continued until Sunday night. An excellent local preacher, Rev. "Father" Hestwood, from another part of the district, was present to aid the elder. My aunt attended, and invited the elder and Mr. Hestwood to tea on Saturday. She told me they were coming, and begged me for her sake not to get

into controversy with them, but to *behave myself*. I promised to respect her wishes.

They came ; and, after tea, Father Hestwood drew his chair near to me, and asked, "Are you a Christian?" I looked at my aunt. She looked at me with a troubled countenance, and I simply answered, "No, sir." "Why not?" was the next question. "Well, I suppose the time has not yet come." "Don't you think you had better do something for your soul?" "Yes, sir." "Will you come to the meeting to-night?" "I expect to." "Well, suppose you begin a new life, by uniting with the church on probation?" "Well, I don't know but I will." "Will you join the church to-night, if an opportunity is given?" "Yes, I will."

My aunt was distressed. After prayer with us, they left, and aunt said, "O, Amos ! what did you say that for?" "Say what?" "Why, that you would join the church : you know you don't intend to do it." "But I do ; and if I live to get there, and an opportunity is given, I shall join the church. But please tell me what I must do." So utterly ignorant was I, that I had no idea of the steps necessary to the deed. She instructed me ; and it seemed strange to me that by giving the minister my hand, I became a member of the church ! I went to the meeting at night, and took a seat in the extreme back part of the room. The sermon over, the altar was presented. No one went forward for prayers. Then an invitation was

given to unite with the church. With less emotion than I have now, as I pen these lines, I arose and went forward and extended my hand to the minister ; then the full heart, that had held its sorrows pent up for twenty-one years, was broken ! God seemed to open the soul's gate, and I poured out my grief in an agony of tears ! From this moment I was a sincere penitent, and an earnest seeker of Jesus, the sinner's friend. This was in early January, 1852. I sought earnestly for five weeks, and on the 8th of February I was numbered with the saved.

[Here and now, I wish to record my vote in favor of retaining forever that peculiarity of our Methodistic economy, that allows and invites souls desiring to flee from the wrath to come, and to be saved from their sins, to join the communion of saints as *seekers* of religion. It was the hook by which grace caught me ; the "gang-plank" up which I walked to reach the deck of the good old ship of Zion ; the life-preserver by the aid of which I floated and swam from sin's dark and dangerous waters into the haven of a-blessed peace. It was the sheet-anchor by which I was securely held amid the tempest of passion, appetite, and unbelief ! I will praise God now and forever for the probationary scheme of the Methodist Church. If others have been injured by it, I have been saved by it ! But for it, I would to-day be numbered with the lost ! Devoutly do I hope and pray it will never be surrendered by the church !]

The Protestant Methodists had been holding a meeting for a week, and not a soul was converted. On Sabbath night, the last night of the meeting, after an uncommonly poor sermon, the altar was again presented. I seemed never conscious of exercising any volition in the premises. I could never tell how I got to that backless bench that was the substitute for an altar-rail. The first thing of which I seemed to be conscious was the fact that I was kneeling at that bench ! The next thought was, "They are all laughing at you !" I looked up : all about me were in tears. My head fell, and I too was in tears. I cried, "O God, for Christ's sake, save me ! Save me !" Prayers were offered, and after some thirty or more minutes it seemed as though every bone in my body had been removed. I sank into a state of utter prostration ; my struggle of mind ceased ; I felt a quiet, calm, subdued feeling such as I had never felt before ; I looked upon the people who surrounded me ; I loved them, oh, how tenderly ! Never did they look so beautiful. They asked me, "Are you converted ?" "I am sure I don't know what it is, but I never, never felt so deep a peace as I feel now ! My poor, tired heart ; how it rests !" This was the first time that I had thus publicly knelt at the altar, and thus confessed my sins and asked their help ; and this *first* time God saved me ! Without doubt, had I done it before, I would have been saved before.

I went home to my aunt's believing I was con-

verted. As early as two o'clock on Monday morning, I awoke in my bed with the thought, I am not converted ! Instantly this mental colloquy ensued : "I was converted last night." "No, you were not ; you were deceived." "Well, but I certainly felt as I never felt before." "True ; and you said you were converted, and thus you lied to the people and lied to the Holy Ghost." "Well, but surely I was converted. What gave me the peace I had if God did not forgive me?" "Oh, it was a false peace. All who are converted shout. *You* did not *shout*; therefore you are not converted."

The argument was too much for me. My doubts and mental agony increased. So great was my distress of mind that by four o'clock on that cold and stormy ninth of February I had left my bed and the house, and, going into the stable, I knelt between the horses, pleading with God for mercy. How long I remained in the stable I cannot tell ; but shortly before daylight the cold drove me to the house, and, while kindling the fire, my aunt awoke, and inquired, "What are you doing? Why are you up so early?" With a flood of tears and bursting grief, I told her, "I lied to all of you last night, and deceived the people. I said I was converted, and was not." "But why do you think you were not converted?" "All who are converted shout. I did not shout, and I was therefore not converted !"

She arose, and did what she could to comfort me.



After breakfast, she said, "You had better go down to Marengo, and talk with the ministers; they are at Brother Downer's."

In the face of a blinding north-west snow-storm, I walked that mile, insensible to its fierceness, because of my mental suffering. Never before or since have I had such an agony of mind! Knocking at Mr. Downer's door, I was soon admitted into a warm room, and, if possible, warmer sympathies. One of the ministers asked me at once, "How do you feel this morning, Brother Kendig?" I told how I had lied and deceived them all; and how sorry I felt. I was really sincere at the time, and thought I was converted; but I feared I had sinned against the Holy Ghost! Famous soul-doctors were those old Methodist preachers! They sang, —

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die?" etc.,

and then knelt in prayer. While the Rev. Mr. Mandeville was wrestling with God, in my behalf, light came, the darkness disappeared, "The Invisible appeared in sight, and God was seen by mortal eye"! The enemy was put to flight, the blood cleansed, the Spirit witnessed, the angels sang, and my soul magnified the Lord! From that day to this, I have never doubted my conversion. Amid all my struggles and conflicts in those after years, I could never be driven from that conscious experience. From that hour to this, I have

held up Jesus as an ample Saviour for the worst of sinners! Glory to God! I have been consciously saved from then until now.

I wondered why I had not been saved before, it was *so* simple! Why had not some one told me earlier how to *submit* to God? Why had they not told me that the tears, and struggles, and confessions, and agonies of soul, and horror of self that I felt, and courted, could not save me! I must surrender to God, ("For his servant ye are to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey,") and honor Him, by believing the record He has given of His Son, and do His will, by "believing on Him whom He hath sent!" Such was my joy, my wild delight, my profound knowledge of my changed condition, that I wanted to tell every man whom I met, of "Jesus and his love." Indeed, I did tell them; for my heart was so full, I must speak or it would break. Tears and smiles, praises and testimony, exhortation and entreaty, were all strangely mingled in my joyous efforts to exalt the Son of God, and declare the Father's love!

Almost simultaneously with this blessed saving, came the conviction, "Go *preach* my Gospel"! Here I parleyed, "How can I give up the interests of my clients, and the cases in my hands? How give up my hope of political preferment? How can I preach? I am not educated, and know nothing of the Bible." Still the impression held me as in a vise.

Again and again I promised the Lord if certain things could be brought about, I would say no more, but at once preach. These accomplished, I would submit other conditions. At last I said, "Now, Lord, if Brother Murphy tells me he has the conviction I ought to preach, I will believe my call, and go at once."

Brother Murphy was a very pious exhorter of much ability, who has since given his own son to the ministry. The very next Sabbath, at the end of class, Brother Murphy said, "Brother Amos, I guess I'll walk up with you to Aunt Groff's." "I shall be glad of your company," I answered, with trembling in my heart. We had walked but a short distance, when he came up near me, and, putting his arm in mine, said, "I want to ask you a question, and wish you would be candid with me, as we are here all alone, and no one need know anything about it, have you not felt you ought to preach?" My only answer was, "Why, my brother, what do you mean?" "Well," he answered, "I have had the impression firmly in my mind that God intends you for the ministry!" The last prop was gone, the last condition met, and I stood silent and dumb before God. I then opened to this brother my heart. He, with great wisdom, tenderness and love, urged me not to refuse nor falter, but to advance as God opened the door.

The Rev. Strange Brooks, preacher in charge of the Mission, brought the matter before the class, and

on their affirmative vote gave me a license to exhort, March 28, 1852. I at once gave myself up to the work, going wherever I was wanted, or a door was opened ; and so great was my zeal, that when there was no invitation, I made openings for myself, by holding meetings in school-houses and private dwellings. Many times I would walk from eight to fifteen miles a day, and hold from two to four meetings. Sometimes I walked twenty miles before breakfast to reach an appointment. At times, too, I would be obliged to climb leaning trees, from whose tops I might leap streams, so as to meet my engagements. I was at it, all the time, in season and out of season. Many tried to dissuade me, calling me a fool for giving up my profession and prospects for the saddle-bags and poverty of a Methodist preacher. Others ridiculed me, and said, "He is a new convert ; his zeal won't last long." But, thank God, it *has lasted!* The same zeal and love that moved me *then*, moves me *now* ; and, I doubt not, will unto the end. From the hour of my conversion my practice has been, the greatest good to the greatest number in the quickest time ; and from then until now, whatever I had to do for God's church, I did with my might. I seem constantly to hear a voice saying unto me, "Kendig, be in earnest, the time is short !"

I at once gave up my law, sought a home for the summer with a Mr. John Richardson, of Honey Creek, in Iowa County, whose words of encouragement and

kindness to the orphan boy can never be forgotten. In Mrs. R. I found a mother, devoted and loving, watching my unfolding, as intensely interested as though I had been of her own blood. I worked on the farm for my board and washing, but all the spare time, and all the Sundays, I was at meeting, exhorting, speaking, singing or rejoicing. My whole soul was on fire for God! I was on the wing for eternity! My constant thought and prayer was, how can I reach the people?

The Fourth Quarterly Conference for the Mission was held on the camp-ground at North Bend, where I was duly licensed to preach, and recommended to the Iowa Annual Conference, as a suitable person to be received into the traveling connection. My license to preach bears date June 26, 1852, and bears the official signature of Rev. David Worthington, Presiding Elder of the Iowa City District. When this bit of paper was handed me, that gave me the consent of the church to preach, I retired into the woods to weep and pray. I was so ignorant, I knew so little of the church, her doctrines and usages, and really *nothing* about the Bible, that I felt, unless God *specially* interposed in my behalf, I should utterly fail! I attended the Iowa Annual Conference that met September 27, in Burlington. Bishop Ames had just been elected to the Episcopal office the May before, and now visited Iowa for the first time, officially, as President of this Conference.

I received my first appointment to Anamosa Mission, Jones County, in the Dubuque District, Rev. H. W. Reed, D. D., Presiding Elder. I can never forget the trembling with which I drew near to my new field of labor, and the awe and distressing sense of responsibility that weighed me down, as on that memorable Saturday afternoon I drew in sight of the then little village of Anamosa, a solitary traveler, my entire worldly possessions the Indian pony I rode, and the few traps packed in my saddle-bags! I knew not a soul, no one knew me! a stranger among a strange people, come to deliver to them the message of God! I was directed to a gentleman's house, Mr. Charles Crocker, who, with his good wife, gave me a minister's welcome.

Here I was, fairly launched on the itinerant sea! Should I be wrecked like thousands of others? or would I make the distant harbor on the other side? Who could tell? Two things conspired to give me success, from the first; viz: I knew I was converted from that ninth of February. Therefore I was morally certain of two things: 1st. There was such a thing as conversion; *and* 2nd. The worst of sinners may experience it. Had my own conversion been less clear and satisfactory, the result of my labors would have been very different. Again, I believed the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures as taught by the Methodist Church. I believed them all, heartily, fully,

constantly, and therefore I have preached them with all the earnestness and confidence of my soul.

I am too stupidly dull, and too ignorant, even at this day, — though I have been studying them for twenty-four years, — to discover wherein they contradict, or fail to harmonize with the word of God, *the* only infallible guide to faith and practice. From the beginning it has pleased God to give success to my ministry. It has been the one aim and ambition of my life to save souls. To God's praise I now bear witness, there has not been a barren year in all my ministry; every year some souls were given me, and most of the years, very many, even hundreds in the different charges. I have failed many times, and have come short in many things, and have much occasion for my humiliation before God, and a strong sense of my need at this moment of the atoning blood; but I have never shunned to declare the whole counsel of God, whether men would hear or forbear; I have never considered for a moment in the preparation and delivery of my sermons, the question, "Will this please or offend?" My question has been, "Is it God's truth? Is it applicable now and here? Does He want me to preach it?" I have always felt, if I was true to God and His message, whatever difficulties the delivering of that message might bring upon myself, my God was *able*, and *would* deliver me out of them all.

And for the encouragement of the young minister

under whose eye these lines may fall, I beg to affirm, He has never failed to deliver and bless me ! “Duty is ours, events the Lord’s.” I have had nearly all the lights and shades, the sweet and bitter, of the itinerant life ; and yet, with a heart overflowing with thankfulness, I praise God for giving me a place, and counting me worthy to associate with those grandest and noblest of heroes, the itinerant, homeless, Methodist preachers ! I hope to labor for many years yet, holding up Jesus, “The mighty to save,” assured, if at His coming I shall be found so doing, I shall hear from lips Divine, “Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

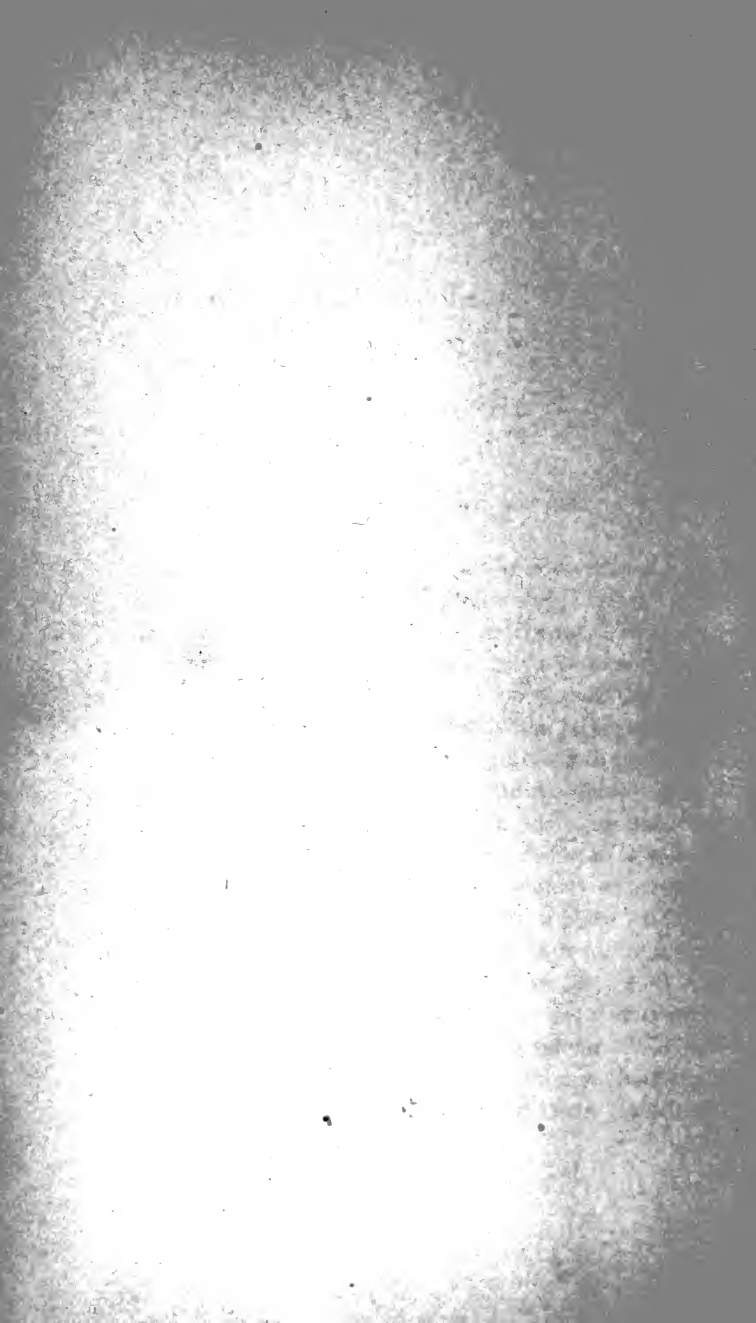
Lord God, bless this experience to the saving of souls ; and keep me, thine unworthy servant, unto eternal life, for Jesus’ sake. Amen.



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PULPIT TALKS TO YOUNG MEN.

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## PULPIT TALKS TO YOUNG MEN.

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### SHADOWED.

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“Thou God Seest Me.” GEN. 16: 13.

**A**LL utterances of the Scriptures are clearly definite as to God's seeing. — “Hell is naked before him, and destruction hath no covering;” “But all things are naked and open unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do;” “God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.” Hence his sight is penetrating, searching, discovering, revealing, knowing, trying, pondering, weighing and absolutely all-pervading. A recollection of the all-seeing, all-knowing, all-present, all-power of the Supreme Being is to the righteous a cause of thanksgiving, yielding perpetual joy and comfort; while to the unrighteous it should be an omnipresent thought of sorrow and terror. All through the Bible, as well as in our lives, is the divine omniscience traceable in the clear and distinct detection of particular sins, which the perpetrator thought concealed and buried. The awful question, “Where art thou?” reached Adam in his guilty hiding-place.

Achan, the thief, was shadowed through tribe, family, household, man and tent. From the day of battle God had shadowed him. "Went not mine heart with thee?" - His unseen but shadowing eye tracked the sinner, informed the heart, and exposed the covetousness and deception of Gehazi. The thought that *God sees me* should sober the drunkard, reform the thief, silence the swearer, purify the libertine, reclaim the outcasts, render truthful the liar and make honest the villain. Young men, God neither needs policemen, chains or dungeon to keep the sinner sure. His eye is enough. With the known and practiced wrongness of your lives you tangle yourselves too surely to escape.

I. *Consider the beholder.*

"Thou God seest me." Not father, mother, sister, brother, wife, child, minister, employer or friend, but the supreme, eternal, holy, just, pure and good God, who dwells in glory ineffable, who formed you and endowed you with possibilities almost divine, with marvellous capacity for exquisite enjoyment or sorrow, who understands the blessedness of heaven and sorrows of hell, who alone can comprehend the soul's true worth and its imminent peril and the full meaning of that, to us, utterly incomprehensible word, eternity. He who has done so much to please the eye, charm the ear, gratify the taste, redeem the soul, and incite us to make our lives blessedly useful and morally sublime; it is that Being before whom angelic

purity veils its face, and in whose presence bows in adoring reverence ; it is He before whom the redeemed and blood-washed millions of all kindreds, nations and tribes cast their crowns, and with hallowed joy cry, "Alleluia : the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Fix this thought in your mind, my brother, that it is this God, "Whose eye runs to and fro in the earth," who "Cannot look upon sin, with allowance," who is "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity," before whom I walk and to whose constant gaze I am in my most secret thoughts or practices constantly acting. Let this thought burn into your soul, and you must flee to Christ for saving.

## II. *What is the Object of His Vision?*

It is "Me." He sees every beast, bird, reptile, insect, mountain, plain, forest, river, lake, sea, city ; all in heaven, hell, time and eternity, near or remote, to us visible or invisible, known or unknown, knowable or unknowable ; nothing escapes His eye : every sparrow that falls, every fish that dies, every slaughtered beast or expiring human being, pour their lives out in His sight. But He sees you as definitely and completely as though you were the only object in the universe to be seen. No day so bright, no night so dark, no crowd so great, no city so full, no forest so dense, no plain so remote, no ocean so great, that His eye is not shadowing you all the while. He saw you in the hidden chambers of your mind when you meditated your first wrong act, swore your first oath,

gave license to your first vile thought, when was committed your first known sin, when was taken your first piece of tobacco, your first drink, and when for the first time you were drunk, when you sat at the gaming table and threw your first card, when you took that first thing that belonged to another and not you, when with blush of shame you stood for the first time before the harlot's door, when you profanated the Sabbath and had your first Sabbath's debauch. At all times, day and night, at home or abroad, in the good or evil, He shadowed you. Half the young men before me would be out of employment to-morrow if their employers knew how and where they spent their hours. You may disguise yourself, as many do, and stealthily tramp the deserted streets in heelless slippers at unseasonable hours ; you may change your apparel and deceive your friends ; you may hatch your crime in the privacy of your own heart, and filch your employers' funds by unsuspected littles, but at any moment God could and does call out, "Hagar, what doest thou?" You had lost sight of him, had forgotten him when you sinned, but he both remembered and saw you.

### III. *But why this Surveillance ?*

1. It is to grieve over the wrong in your life. What must your life be, when it makes the God of love regret your existence?" "And it repented the Lord that he made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart." Said a young man to me, "I would no

more swear before my mother than I would cut my hand off." And yet he would not hesitate to swear before his Creator. Do your parents and loved ones plead for your restoration? Are they pained at your conduct? Does your life disgrace them? If this be true, what of God? Has he no claims? Hear what he says: "Do not this abominable thing that I hate;" "and his soul was grieved for the misery of Israel;" "Forty years long was I grieved with this generation;" Jesus was "grieved for the hardness of their hearts;" "To think," says God, "that I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me!" What do you think of the man who will abuse his parents, or villify his best friend? How then appears your sinful course to God?

2. He not only grieves over your course, but he sees it to condemn it. Your thoughts, words and acts are abhorrent to his nature and infractions of his law. He makes no excuse for sin, nor will he entertain any; he gives you the ability to do the right, and expects you to do it; his disapproval of your course has been flashed upon your mind, written upon your heart, thundered to your conscience, and punished, in part, in your life. How often in your wickedness you have stopped, hesitated, heard your own name called by the voice of the present God, asking what you did, and why you did it? Such was its power and influence that you vowed to do right and abandon wrong. When you left your home and came to this city, cut

loose from old associates and home influences, you determined to "see the elephant," and for that purpose associated with the cultured and refined in boating, racing, billiards and wine parties, or with the coarser and less responsible debauchees, who make up the society of the groggery and the pit of the theatre. He was then present, speaking to your soul in censure and declaring his utter detestation of your conduct. In the morning, at noon, in the evening, and now, at the midnight of your wrong-doing, how often you have heard His reproving voice in denunciation of your guilt.

When you thought yourself alone he found you out, and, through the music of your attuned conscience, touched by the finger of the Infinite, has brought tears to your eyes, and sadness to your heart, as there were revived memories of childhood's innocence, the holy associations and influences of boyhood's home. You have been reminded of the shame and degradation of squandered substance and the sin-freighted months and years of your life, and you have been warned of the still greater danger ahead. Every wrong act, word and thought of your life, whether against others or yourself, He sees and condemns.

"God is angry with the wicked every day," and do you wonder therefore, that the wicked are like the troubled sea that cannot rest? With this constant conflict going on within you, between your higher and lower self and between the wrong self and God you



can no more be at rest than the ocean under the lashing of the tempest. There is not one of you under my voice but is conscious of his guilt, and the evidence is found in your admission of it to yourself, in your desire for a better life, and your purpose to to make an effort for it, some time in the future.

3. But he sees you in your purpose to reform and approves it. When you set back the glass and said no more for me ; when you threw down the cards and resolved to play no more ; when you swore that last blasphemous oath and vowed to refrain in the future ; when you stole that last dime, and with tears of sorrow pledged your honor and manhood you would take no more but would restore all ; when you desecrated God's day by unholy conduct and associations, and blushed at your own misconduct ; when you solemnly resolved, after due reflection, I am all wrong, and am determined to be all right and a man if I die ; when you settled that you would change your course and life ; when the first tear of penitence trembled in your eye, and with bended knee and sobbing voice you recommenced the long neglected prayers of your childhood, he was seeing you in approval, while hallelujahs of praise burst from angelic lips over the prodigal's noble purpose.

4. But he sees you to bless you in your coming. In that inimitable story of the Prodigal, the father is represented as seeing the son afar off coming toward him, and such was the joy and delight of his heart

that he ran to meet him. Mark, it was when the son had turned toward home the father met him. Some insist that we shall take the swine in also. No, gentlemen, the father took the boy when he left the hogs, not while he consorted with them. Jesus saves *from* sins, not *in* them nor *with* them. The Divine Father is constantly appealing to the two powerful motives, reward and punishment, His approval and displeasure, our own happiness or misery, to move us to do right. When we leave the wrong and begin to do right, turn from sin and toward holiness, He sees us and throws out the cable of promise, shoves out the life-boat, Christ, and aid us in gaining the shore of true, regenerate goodness, by the pilotage of the Holy Spirit and the chart of His Word. By every promise He aids you in determining for the right; he moves the church to stand as a life saving crew on the stormy shores of Time to rescue the endangered from the dark waters of sin. God will help you by the Son of His love, the grace of His Spirit, the word of His promise, the ministry of His mercy and the church of His sympathy. "We shall have a reporter there," so said a young man thoughtlessly as he was leaving home to attend a ball. A reporter was there, and a report was written, which is now before the Great Judge; a report of every thought, word and deed, of vows to parents solemnly made and lightly broken, of violated pledges to live for Christ and not for the world. Where is the report written? On memory,

to be traced by conscience as it shall wake from its slumbers and recall wasted opportunities, slighted admonitions, abused mercies and disregarded warnings. When shall it be read? When death thunders at your lifedoor! Where will the report be read? At the bar of God! By whom? The Father, God, the Saviour, Christ, the testifier, the Holy Ghost, angels, saints, devils, yourself! Then will you shriek, "MY GOD, SHADOWED, FOUND OUT, CONDEMNED, AND LOST!"



## DEAD BROKE.

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“And he fain would have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.” LUKE 15:16.

**A** YOUNG minister in Iowa broke down and started for home. Having no money he footed it. Tired and footsore he sat by the wayside when the stage passed, and he asked the driver to carry him a few miles, said he had no money, was asked for his Bible in pay, but refused to part with it. The stage passed on and left him. He was “*dead broke*” financially. There is a man with no money; no matter how much he had nor how much he spent, he is dead broke now. There is another man, whose promise to pay, nobody will accept, and whom nobody will trust; even the saloon keeper has cast him off, he is dead broke. Yonder is a man wearing old clothes threadbare and silky, shivering because of insufficient clothing. The hair shoots through his crownless hat, toes protrude through the torn boots while the white flesh grins here and there through the gaping wounds of rent garments, and we say as our eye lights upon him dead broke. As you look at that man with purple skin, and the blue swelled veins

showing so clearly in his face dotted with hillocks of putrid matter, with nervous tremor and unsteady step, under rum's influences twenty hours out of every twenty-four, you say, "Poor fellow you are dead broke." And so I could fill the hour with the varying pictures of our poor lost humanity. This prodigal's history in its darkness is the history of thousands of young men ; would to God it were so in its lightness !

I. *He had no money, and hence was financially dead broke.*

Once he had money, and a good deal, I judge ; but he did not earn it, the old man gave it to him. This shows the weakness of the father. If this young man had been made to work for money perhaps he would have spent it differently. An old man was asked how much he was worth, and responded, with a flood of tears, "Enough to damn all my children." Says an old adage, "A fool and his money are soon parted." Fortunes are usually the result of a lifetime of patient toil and prudence ; but the life-gatherings of ancestral self-sacrifice may be squandered in a year. Our wisdom or folly is seen in that for which we spend our money and time, strength and character. This young man dressed extravagantly, drank deeply, gamed freely and treated promiscuously. He had no income, and the principal was soon exhausted. He spent it with women who cared less for him than for the adornments his money bought them ; while with their be-

dizened charms they coquetted him into beggary. It is hard to be poor, but it adds severer pangs to that poverty to know that your own sins brought it upon you. The money you have spent for rum or tobacco, at the horse race, theatre or boat race, or on the painted harlots of the street, would have clothed yourself and wife and child, or father or mother, or helped on God's cause in the earth ; it would have lifted the mortgage from your home or bought you one, put books on your shelves in your library, paid pew rent, and put yourself and family neatly clad in God's house, among respectable people. But what return has it made you? Want, sorrow, suffering, shame and remorse ! Of what earthly interest was it to you which horse beat, the black or the gray? or which boat crew won? If you lose your money, who'll refund it? Suppose you win from your fellow? You rob him, because you take his money and give him nothing in return. "Ah!" you say, "if ever I make any more money, or once more get a start, I'll not spend it as foolishly as I did." You know what it is to be dead broke, financially.

II. *He had no credit, and hence was dead broke in reputation.*

When a man, young or old, will spend his money in sinful rioting and licentious indulgence, nobody will trust him, for the reason that his conduct has destroyed the basis of every man's credit: viz., confidence ; and this is founded on industry and frugality.

An industrious and careful man may lose his money in a legitimate business venture, and there are plenty of great-hearted men who will put him on his feet again ; but if he will spend his money in sin and debauchery, he will be left to paddle his own boat. You will always have plenty to help you spend your money, drink the liquor, smoke the cigars, enjoy the drives, and attend the opera your money pays for ; but when you have spent it thus, and begin to be in want, as was this young spendthrift, you will find, as did he, no man will give unto you. They grew rich by robbing him, his money carried them over dull times, and by his prodigal munificence they were made glad. But times have changed ; he is down and they are up. They don't know him now, and to his appeal for the loan of only a farthing or a mite with which to buy food, they say, "No, you fool, why didn't you take care of your money when you had it?" A young man complained to me that he couldn't get trusted for a glass of liquor in a saloon where he had spent on an average a dollar a week for five years. I say a man is dead-broke when he can't get trusted for a glass of rum. A man of reputation, when hard up, as any man may possibly be, will find a friend to tide him over, if he has credit ; but with no money or credit, surely he is to be pitied. But look at it. A young man spends his weekly earnings at the billiard table, bowling saloon, theatre, horse race, or card table, smokes it in tobacco or drinks it in whiskey, and then

comes to me to borrow. I feel sorry for him, but I must say no. I think he means well, but he has promised a thousand times before and broken it. How can I trust him now? When he will quit his old associates, leave his old haunts, turn a square corner, and about face for manhood and God, I say, "Yes, I can trust you now, and I'll do what I can to put you firmly on your feet."

III. *He had no friends, and hence was socially dead broke.*

To have neither money nor credit is bad enough ; but to be friendless, who can gauge the depth of misery in that word? My boyhood's experience in Philadelphia can never be forgotten. Moneyless, creditless and friendless, I thought my boyish heart would break ! Thousands were about me, passing to and fro ; but none knew or cared for me, the orphan boy. This woe of friendlessness was so keenly felt by the suffering Saviour, that, in prophetic vision, he exclaims : "Thou hast put away mine acquaintance far from me ; lover and friend thou hast put far away from me ; yea, mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted which did eat of my bread hath lifted up his heel against me." Stand on the dock when the foreign steamer arrives, as I have done, and see the emigrants as they leave her, — some to meet friends who await them, while others cry from sheer loneliness, and know not what to do or which way to turn ; and thousands from first to last have fallen into the hands



of villains, and gone to speedy ruin. "The friendship of the world is death," says a high authority. Too many friends are like the moth : while the light shines they throng you, but when darkness comes they disappear ; or like the leech, stick and suck while there is blood in you, or until they are full, then drop off. Such friends care only for what you have, not what you are ; doing seeming honor to you, not because they like you, but for the something you control. How many have ridden into political power and office on the backs of men for whom they cared no more than beasts of burden. They have courted your friendship only because they could use you to serve their selfish ends. True friendship is founded on character, and is the growth of years. True friends are hard to find, and when once made should be treated as your health or morals. You must expect, if you persist in wrongness, madly squandering your substance of money, talent, time and influence in riotous living, that your truest friends will leave you.

IV. *He had neither food nor shelter, hence he was homelessly dead broke !*

This certainly is the climax of suffering on the material side. Once a good home, now homeless. Once good clothes, now in rags. Once plenty to eat, now starving. Some men don't come to this church at all, and others only at night, because they fancy their clothes not good enough. Why, bless you ! I have preached the gospel to intelligent audiences when the

knees of my pantaloons had great patches on them, and I was as good then as now. Ay! and I would rather be seen going into God's house with patches than into sin's ways with broadcloth. Why? because in God's service more than one man has changed his rags for broadcloth, while sin will sooner or later strip you of your broadcloth and put you in rags. I preach to men, not to clothes. In these times I know many families are on short rations, and clothes are worn now as respectable that five years ago would have gone into the rag bag. Only once a week can they afford meat now. God bless them, how I pity them! Go to your markets, and see how eagerly its cast-off matter is sought and greedily devoured. Then go up into the garrets and down into the cellars, and see the pale-faced, hollow-eyed sufferers whose hearts leap for joy at the return of these garbage gatherers. It is a literal fact, that in the early gray of morning or dusk of evening, men, women, and children quarrel with each other and the dogs over the wasted refuse of the city. In nine cases out of ten, the street beggar is a fraud; meritorious want starves before it will beg. A child was dying, a mother in poverty and rags was sitting by his side weeping at her prospective loss. The dear boy looked into her face with joy, and said, "Mamma, I am glad that I am going to die." "Why, darling?" "Because there will be more for you and sissy to eat when I am gone." You yet have shelter and covering; but if some continue on the road they

are now traveling they will soon reach the foodless station, and then the houseless one is but a short way ahead. Brother man, stop, for your soul's sake !

V. *He was wicked, and hence was dead broke morally.*

What broke him? Fast living, wrong doing ; in a word, sin. And if you don't give it up, sure as you hear me, it will break you, sooner or later. Sin made him dissatisfied with home and its influences, took him into a far country, made him fast, a spendthrift and drunkard, the companion of villains and harpies, robbed him of his money, credit, friends, food, clothing and shelter. Right thinking and right acting never brought a man to such a pass. I challenge history to show an instance in which a man has brought such ruin on himself by serving God. If he had been right at heart, serving God instead of Satan, doing right instead of wrong, how different would the end have been. He did as all do who continue in the wrong, went from bad to worse. He took for a motto, "Eat, drink and be merry." He gave loose rein to his appetite, swore, danced, drank, caroused, having a blue Monday, green Tuesday, Ash Wednesday, Ascension Thursday, Good Friday, spreeing Saturday and loafing Sabbath ; little dreaming in his hilarious madness and prodigal wickedness how near dead broke he was, and how much suffering he must go through on earth, to say nothing of eternity. And some of you are traveling in his footsteps, you are on the same

road and train, and will most surely be brought to the same ruin unless you stop very soon.

There are men in your city who had position and influence, character, property and good companionship, who are without any of these now. They once wore good clothes and attended the house of God. They don't now. Why? Because of sin. It has taken honor, influence and manhood from them, and left them on the curbstone, in the police station, prison or almshouse, dead broke. Why, some of you are so tremendously dead broke that you have contemplated suicide. Some of you can say, in the language of the dead-broke Altamont, "My principles have poisoned my friends, my extravagance has beggared by boy, my unkindness has murdered my wife, and is there yet another hell? Oh, thou blasphemed yet most indulgent Lord God! hell is a refuge if it hides me from Thy power." The man who sees the right, and knows the right, and believes in the right, but has no courage or strength to do it, or who will allow himself to be laughed or cursed out of his convictions and efforts for the right, and set adrift on the sunless, moonless, starless waters of unbelief, to be caught by the current of appetite, will be sure to be found on the ocean of indulgence, wrecked and dead broke. Terrible as was the condition of this young prodigal, he had what only a few of you have, the candor to confess his sin, the resolution to reform, and the determination to do it at once. He had a father

and a home, and he resolved to see that father and that home, and make a clean breast of it. And he did it ; and but for this, the one manly act of his life, I should say dead, instead of dead broke. Will you come to-day? Your reason says, "Do it." Your conscience says, "Do it." Your own sense of self-respect says, "Do it." Your convictions of safety say, "Do it." Your broken-hearted wife and suffering children say, "Do it." The parents whom you so long and deeply wronged plead, "Do it." And the good God above you cries, "How can I give thee up?" "Return unto me." Infinite love, as it weeps and dies upon the Cross, prays, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Yes, you come ! Thank God, manhood, right and heaven triumph !



## TAKING ACCOUNT OF STOCK.

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“What sayest thou of thyself?” JOHN 1 : 22.

**T**HIS was the question put by the captious Pharisees to John, and his answer evinces the rare virtues of frankness and courage. To resent an insult, or rush into battle under the inspiration of wrong or martial music, is a courage of which cowards are capable. To enter the prize ring or fight a duel requires just such courage as the bovine or bull dog is capable of ; but to see a wrong and expose it, a fashionable sin and withstand it, a personal weakness and overcome it, a conscious wrong and confess and abandon it, a temptation and resist it, requires a frankness and courage of which an intelligent moral being only is capable. Examine your own selfhood, and ascertain the quality and quantity of your stock in trade.

I. *Are you willing to do this? Dare you take account of your own stock?*

There are two with whom we should be on terms of most familiar intimacy, — ourselves and God. Yet with no two are we less acquainted. Self is a necessary companion, and I should be frank and brave with myself. It is easy to take account of others' stock, to

see them in all lights and at all angles except the true one, for this feeds malevolence, gratifies jealousy, and is the seasoning of too many conversations. God complains, "My people do not consider." We are afraid of solitude and solitary reflection. To be shut up with self would be to some of you the worst of hells. Brave in company, we are cowards when alone. How many years since you have taken account of stock, — ten, fifteen or forty? Few will dare open the books, look over the stock, and make an honest invoice to-night. The nearer a man is to conscious bankruptcy, the greater the desire to cover up. It is the childish game of whistling to keep the courage up. To throw the cloak of respectable externalism over a heart filled with corruption will not purify it any more than to hide a cancer will prevent its eating out the life. This game of hide-and-seek you play with yourself is a most dangerous one. To study myself, take an account of stock, is the first step toward solvency and assured rightness. Let me introduce you to yourself, take an account of assets and liabilities, hold a council with your creditors, and see if you can meet the claims entailed upon you by selfhood, human brotherhood, and the Divine Father above. Are you willing to know yourself?

II. *Have you the humility to confess your wrongs?*

If unwilling to hunt for a wrong in ourselves, still more unwilling are we to confess it. The sin of the garden did not die out with the garden, for many still

use the fig leaves. How often we hear, "I'll never confess: I'll die first!" Why? Because confession argues weakness, ignorance or wickedness, and we are unwilling to think this of ourselves, or have others think it of us. You know your inward life is a lie to yourself, and your outward life is a lie to others. Do you confess it? Not at all. If you do not stoutly deny the charge, you excuse or defend it. This is an almost universal practice. Every man who sins, wrongs three parties. You wrong self; therefore confess to yourself. Say, with Pharaoh's butler, "I do remember my faults this day." The prodigal, when he came to himself, said, "I have sinned." It is both difficult and uncommon to be honest with one's self; and yet honesty with self is the basis of honesty with others. This is a result of that. If I do not always do right, because I am right, and therefore love the right, I am open to do the wrong, — when the motive shall be sufficient. No man deceives or defrauds another who does not first deceive and defraud himself. Theft, murder, arson, larceny, fraud, or sensuality are in us before they move against others. Tweed was defrauding Tweed before he began to defraud others! You stole from yourself before you stole from others. "Truth in the inward parts" alone will save us.

But I wish to discuss the thought on higher ground than mere temporalities. A man not true to himself, may still be a good physician, lawyer, clerk, mechanic or servant; but in so far as he is untrue to his own



selfhood, in this higher sense is he untrue to his social obligations, in the highest claim that soul can make on soul. You must "love God," and this is fidelity to self, in order to "love your neighbor," which is fidelity to them. You confess to yourself or you will never confess to another; you repent before self or you never repent before God. To what end are you using the stock a beneficent God has entrusted to your care? Are you squandering in rioting and excess, effeminate inactivity or damning pleasures that consumes body, health, brain, time, energy, influence and opportunity, thus using up the very capital itself, with which God set you up? Is your life outward *from* God and downward *toward* degradation? How much of the original stock have you unimpaired? God wants "preferred" stock. No watering of it at that board. You have wronged others, therefore confess to them. Sin so distorts and magnifies, that nothing seems real or natural, "Conscience makes cowards of us all." You entertained false views of your neighbor and did him wrong. When you found out your mistake why did you not confess it to him? Sin gives false views of privilege and duty, makes us secretive and selfishly defiant. Many have 'suicided, rather than confess a wrong that would have been forgiven. Many a woman has gone broken-hearted to the grave, rather than humble herself to confess a mistake to the man she loved dearer than life. There are to-day all over this earth outcasts from home, whose con-

sciences goad them to madness, because unwilling to confess a sin to loving parents, who would be glad to kiss away the red tear-line of sin's burning. More husbands and wives have been divorced and children disgraced by this mad refusal to confess to each other, than any other one cause. My man, have you enough humility in stock to confess to father, mother, wife, child or friend, "I have sinned against thee"? You asked some one to take the first drink, play his first card, swear his first oath; you gave him the downward push, can you confess to him and try to pull him back again? If all would do it, what a reunion of estranged friendships! what a healing of broken hearts! what a re-kindling of old loves! Do it, and God's sun of to-morrow will rise upon the world revelling in the delirium of a new-found joy. You have wronged God, therefore confess to Him. You have failed to meet His reasonable requirements, robbed Him of time, means, service, honor, glory, used the capital He gave you upon His enemies, concocted treason and entertained traitors. Doing business on His capital, and now denying His claims, you confess indebtedness, but refuse to pay the first instalment by praying, or the over-due interest by repentance.

III. *Have you manhood enough to desire reform?*

Men swear, drink, cheat, and confess it wrong, yet will not promise to quit it. We "See the right, and yet the wrong pursue." What is this but weakness

and cowardice? a fearing to accept the order lest you have not the stock in trade to fill it? You are near to bankruptcy, and have not enough of the real grit of true manhood to throw the line of desire on God's life-boat of grace to carry you through the surf of appetite and across the waters of wrong into the harbor of desired and known rightness and safety. Stretch out the old cloth of desire, paddle until you get before the winds of love, and on this shoreward tide you will be carried to the island of hope and stand secure on the "Rock of Ages," as millions have been before you. If you have no desire or confidence to try and reform, you go down with accelerated speed, and in God's commercial bulletin of to-morrow you will be rated "unsound." Will you placard yourself as "The man who dares not do right"? It is noble to see a man stopping, reflecting, confessing, and, with the inflowing consciousness of wrong done and lived, say, "All wrong. No farther on this line. This is the last. I quit now." It is noble to see a man whose manifested life is respectable, yet who is inwardly conscious that he is not measuring up to his own ideas of privilege and duty to self, others, and God, asking, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and then resolutely and manfully set about doing it at once. It is grand to see the young man for whose return a father waits and a mother prays, over whom sisters and brothers weep, and to whom still clings lovingly a deceived and broken-hearted wife, rise, under a deep

sense of the pains he has made and wrongs done, and, with the high impulse of re-enkindled manhood, wipe his eyes, shake off his rags, turn from the sins that disgraced him and the haunts that ruined him, and return to love, home, welcome, purity and heaven.

IV. *Have you the candor to avow this desire publicly?*

There are men in this city who are without courage to come to church, because in their paroxysms of sinful madness they spoke against the church. They dare not avow their desire for religion, because once, with lying bravado, they ridiculed it. You are not ashamed to drink or swear; why are you ashamed to pray? You are not ashamed to sing indecent doggerel; why are you ashamed to sing hymns? You are not ashamed to be seen with the lecherous libertine, profligate, gambler or scoffer; why are you ashamed to be with the pure and good? You are not ashamed to enter the saloon and the door of her house whose steps lead to death, and take hold on hell; why are you ashamed to be in the prayer-meeting? You are not ashamed to be found at the rat pit, dog fight, horse race and theatre; why are you ashamed to be in the church? You are not ashamed to wear the livery of the devil; why ashamed to wear the livery of heaven? You are not ashamed to be known and called a sinner and an unbeliever; why are you ashamed to be called a saint or professor? To sin is human; to persist in it is devilish. To see

wrong proves wisdom ; to feel it argues conscience ; to abandon it declares a true nobility and high manhood.

V. *Have you the courage to execute this desire now and here?*

Many a delay between the desire and the doing, ruins forever. Hell's broad way is paved with good but broken promises. If I had as many hundred dollar bills as you have broken resolutions of reformation on your souls, I would buy a home for each of you, and have a good one left for myself. Between duty and sin millions vibrate like a pendulum, and tens of thousands who said "I will," sat still and did it not. To the real man, who means to do an honest business and show a saving profit in the end of life, there are but two questions : to know duty, and do it. Desire for reform and avowal of it to yourself and others degrades you the more if you don't do it. This step is the key stone to the otherwise tottering arch. This is the sheet-anchor by which you must warp yourself over the bar of moral and spiritual wrongness into the peaceful waters of spiritual rightness. I appeal to each, "What sayest thou of thyself?" Say, brother man, will you to-night take God for your father, Christ for your Saviour, the Holy Ghost for your comforter, the Bible for your guide, the church for your helper, and heaven for your home? Have you enough of all that tends to make you good and great, of frankness, humility, desire, avowal, and energy to do, to dare and achieve? You come ! Thank God ! this invoice will proclaim you solvent.

## NOT WHAT I EXPECTED.

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“And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father’s have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.” LUKE 15:17, 19.

**F**AME, wealth, love, marriage, friendship, location, are all more or less prolific mothers of disappointment. Young and old, rich and poor, the virtuous and vicious have alike been wrapped in its circling folds of darkness. We have often been made to exclaim with England’s great poet, “Things sweet to taste, prove indigestion sour.” Others say of us, “Not what I expected!” so, again, we say of them. The epicure says this of his food; the pleasure seeker of the phantom that lures him; the ambitious of the baubles they grasp!

“Not every flower that blossoms  
Diffuses sweets around;  
Not every scene hope gilds with light,  
Will fair be found.”

Several things were “not what the young prodigal expected.” I fancy, in the light of his history, we may see somewhat of our own.

I. *The son was not what the father expected.*

His youngest son. First birth, gives joy and pride, the last devotion and love. Abraham loved Ishmael, but Isaac more ; Jacob loved Reuben, but Joseph more, and Benjamin most. The comfort and happiness of this young man had been studied. All that affection could do had been done, to make him love duty and home. And now to see him restless and uneasy, discontented and fretful, to feel he had neither love for father nor home, was indeed enough to break the paternal heart. When the father looked for joy, found only sorrow, when for the living manifestation of filial love, found only its decaying carcass, in leaves, dry, withered and dead. Young men ! have any of you failed to meet the reasonable expectations of your parents ? Have you, by your misconduct, and want of gratitude, compelled them to say of their boy, " he is not what I expected ? " If so, write to-night, and confess all and ask forgiveness.

II. *But this young man proved to himself he was not what he expected.*

He had a purpose in going from home. Perhaps one word would tell it all, pleasure. He wanted no "pent up Utica" to contract his powers. Once away from father's counsel, and mother's eye, among those fine young men in the city of whom he had heard or read, how happy he would be ! Loosed from mother's apron string, and away from father's control, what a jolly time he would have. To shout, with swinging

hat, "I'm my own master !" But you are not. God or Satan is. I slept all day to get into the city ; and many times since that I would have slept a week to get out of it again. City scars will be visible on many a man in eternity. His mistake, and yours, is in thinking happiness is in externals. It is within, not without ; condition, not circumstances ; not in what I have, but in what I am. A right state of mind and condition of the heart is the only basis of a true happiness. He found more pains and aches, misery and discontent, away from home than at home ; more real slavery in his fancied freedom, with wine and women, than in the old home with father and mother. And that because he took *himself* along.

III. *The country to which he went was not what he expected.*

Its distance was greater than he supposed. On the train of desire, drawn by the locomotive of appetite, he was unconscious of the distance he was being carried. His imagination was excited. Fancy threw her golden beams around his pathway, and expectation, singing in softest notes, beguiled him, until the shriek of whistle, ring of bell, and bustle of passengers told of his arrival at the far country. And, O God ! how far it was. Men in these cities who have not been in communication with home for so long a time) and have gotten so far away that familiar scenes and faces are almost wiped from the memory), when they think of returning to home and virtue are confronted by the



demon of despair, rayless and hopeless, which settles down in unrelieved night upon their hearts, croaking "Nevermore." Say, brother man, when you gave yourself up to having a good time, and gave loose rein to your appetite, did you dream of getting so far away from purity, happiness, home, and God, as you are? Did you think that rum and beastliness would ever get so strong a hold on you that you would sacrifice family, wife, children, manhood and heaven for it? You never thought that sensual indulgence would become so strong as to lead you, like the stalled ox, to the slaughter; that your vows to wife, and child, and manhood, and mother, and God, would be as powerless to resist its constant demands as the child's toy boat the storm-lashed billows of the Atlantic. There are men before me, and in our city, so far away that they are without either courage or hope to look toward home, and in their despair say to me, "Mr. Kendig, I can't get back. I've tried often. I'm gone too far." Brother, I pity you; but be of good cheer. There is hope and help, and you may be saved for yourself and loved ones.

IV. *Its citizens were not what he expected.*

He found the people a hard-fisted, devil-may-care sort of folks, eating, drinking and rioting, a striking illustration of every man for himself, and the best man wins. Young men, there are plenty who will help you down; but, when down, few will help you up. Have you not felt of sin's victims and fashion's votaries, as

you have commingled with them in their debauching and meaningless orgies, that they were not what you expected? Would you once have thought it possible that you would ever have visited such places and consorted with such people as now make your society? Its climate and productions were not what he expected.

A young friend of mine in Iowa went to California, and after spending some months wrote back to his father, "This is the worst lied about State in the Union." Could we see the letters this young man wrote back to his father, I have no doubt they would utter similar language. He expected to find men straight and handsome in that far country, but found them crooked and dwarfed; and in morals, intellect virtue and truth, found them the veriest pigmies. He had heard of its sunshine, but found clouds only; of its respectability, but found only shame and disgrace; of its wealth, but found only universal poverty; of its liberty, but found the most abject slavery. How I tremble for the young men and women who leave pure country homes for city life and sin! With strange faces and circumstances, they take the wrong train and track, and by the lightning express go down to early disgrace and premature death. The country merchant is robbed in places where he would blush to be seen, and virtuous youth is debauched and ruined amid cyprian smiles and hellish witcheries, that lure but to destroy, in the theatre or rum-shop.

V. *The conduct of his father was not what he expected.*

None knew better than this boy how willful he had been, and how needlessly he had wronged his father. Despite his father's entreaties, he dashed the chalice from his lips, set his teeth in fixedness of purpose, and with clenched fist strode angrily away, intent on departure and liberty. With painful keenness he now recalls the day when he said "Good-by." How that loving father, in broken sentences, sobbed, "My boy, if anything befalls you, come back ; you will find the door open, and a welcome." And his own curt reply, "You needn't fear, sir, I shan't trouble you. I guess I can take care of myself." As his mind fills with these painful memories, what must have been his personal sense of shame and remorse? His soul and tongue tremble with penitential confessions, while his heart is breaking with its burden of remembered wrong. In utter despair he turns his face homeward. There, in the long distance, is the old homestead on the hillside, surrounded with its orchard of dates, palms and figs ; there the brooklet in whose pure waters he so often sported. As he pauses, hot tears burn their red lines down his cheeks ; hope dies out in his soul ; he groans, "So near home, and yet so far away !" He knows his father is loving and kind, but he knows, too, how unkind and unloving he has been. He sees the father approach. His heart sinks, for unbelief says, "He comes to warn you off." He hes-

itates to advance, when the old-timed call, "My boy, my dear boy! how glad I am to see you; for these years I have been so anxious that you should see my face and be happy and live," that he forgets his fears, and rushes into the embrace of those arms, that so lovingly infolded him in his childhood's innocence! The sobbing confessions of the degraded boy are smothered in the caresses of the loving father, who calls for servants to remove the rags, bring out the new robes, kill the calf, and make merry, for the lost found, for the dead alive again.

There are thousands all over this broad earth who would like to get to childhood's home, and are daily praying that some avenue may open by which they can. I could empty the diamond fields of Africa, the gold mines of Australia, California or the Black Hills, if I could but say, "Boys, a benevolent man has deposited money enough to pay the expenses of each home. I am his agent to take the names of all who want to go, and if you will come, I will give you a ticket and passage money." There is just such a Friend, who has made a deposit in God's bank, by which each one of you may have your passage paid to heaven and rest. Of this you will say, as all others have said before, "It is not what I expected. It is so infinitely and incomparably better, and greater, and more glorious." Come, young men, you have had the blackness and bitterness, now have the light and the sweetness.

## STEADY UNDER FIRE.

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“But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.” DANIEL 3:18.

**A**MONG the historic plains of the Bible that of Dura is prominent. It was a part of the ancient and honorable kingdom of Babylon, and is supposed to have been bounded on the east and north by the river Chebar, and on the west and south by the river Euphrates. Perhaps the earth has no brighter example of fidelity to principle than transpired on this plain. In the contest, men were the actors, fire the weapons, God, angels and devils the spectators. Nebuchadnezzar, the King of Babylon, caused to be erected an image, and by royal edict summoned the entire nation to its dedication. Among the assembled thousands were some slaves whom the misfortunes of war had made captives. Some of these, through fidelity and prudence, had been elevated to offices of honor and trust by the King. These, alone, were disobedient to the royal edict. It is beautiful to see a ship under full sail, but more thrillingly interesting to see her with all sails snugly furled, fleeing before

the storm, like a frightened gull. It is pleasant to see a man move along in the even tenor of his ways, with no special strain upon his principles; but how immensely it enhances our interest in him to learn that he is surrounded with difficulties and dangers in the sea of powerful provocations, plied with sudden and great temptations, and that he stands as the anvil to the stroke, maintaining his integrity, coming out of the ordeal with his character and manhood whole.

While we are all under fire and subject to temptation, the difference is, that the true man detects and resists the tempter under whatever guise he may approach. Some of you know what it is to be pressed with appetite, solicited by friends (falsely so called), or goaded by the clamors of hell's whelps, to be or do what your sense of loyalty to self and God tells you is wrong. Some of you have stood firm. I could wish all had. I ask you to study the excuses for wrong doing that pressed these young men, and I think you will rise from the study with a judgment in harmony with mine, that in them was displayed a nobler principle, and their conduct achieved a greater victory than Leonidas at Thermopylæ, Aristides at Plataea, Bonaparte at Austerlitz, Wellington at Waterloo, Washington at Yorktown, or Grant at Vicksburg.

I. *In extenuation for the doing of a conscious wrong they could plead an unusual and peculiar demand.*

It was extraordinary in its character, and might

never be repeated because so exceptional. It was a single act of which they could repent. It was not to deny their nationality or their God, nor formally to adopt or perpetuate idolatrous conduct or worship. Indeed, might they not only *seem* to worship the image and with a secret reserve detest and abjure it in their hearts? Did not Naaman so, after being healed by the God of Israel, when his duties subsequently called him with the king into the Temple of Rimmon? So sin pleads in drinks or games or purloinings. It is only once; do it this time and I will not ask it again. Yet *once* is a concession of your manhood, a yielding of your principles, the leak that shall possibly sink you, the slipping on the mountain side that shall crush you. You have lost your self-respect, and kindled a fire that may consume your all in its voracious flames. "In vain is the snare set in the sight of any bird," but man, with all his boasted reason and intellectual superiority, throws himself into the arms that deceived him, embraces the viper that stung him and purposely cherishes the leeches that destroy him. Truly, sins willfully committed are not often heartily repented of. A single snowflake, who cares for that? But a whole day of snowflakes, obliterating landmarks, drifting over doorways, gathering upon the mountain sides to descend in crushing avalanches, burying villages and hamlets with their living occupants, who does not care for that? One sin may be trifling, but indulged and added to, it makes the profligate man, abandoned

woman, and hardened criminal. There is one only course both right and safe : stand firm in your purpose and practice of resistance.

II. *These young men had for their second excuse that the highest authority in the realm commanded them.*

Would not this justify obedience? The King commanded, and if they did it not they would be forced or punished. They were under obligations to obey as citizens ; and could they hope to resist such authority? It is a recognized principle of jurists that laws conflicting with the conscience of a nation's subjects ought not to be passed and are not to be obeyed. The most eminent of legislators and judges have always recognized the divine as paramount to the human. We all remember the odious fugitive slave law that made of every citizen a detective and every freeman's home a lockup, if perchance a fugitive from bondage sought food or shelter at his door. That was the straw that broke the camel's back, and in God's providence kindled the fires whose hot flames melted the chains from four million of our citizens. You cannot plead authority or necessity as an apology for your weakness and wickedness in yielding to sin and her murderous solicitations. The highest authority commands you to resist and do right. The soldier of Pompeii, after the lapse of one thousand years, is found at his post that he would not desert when certain death awaited him, and from which all



others were fleeing. The English right that met the terrific onslaught of the French left at Waterloo piled their dead three deep, but stood to duty unflinching as the hills. There are civil and religious duties, and we must learn to distinguish between them. A young man from the country found a situation as salesman in a store in the goodly city of Boston. He was asked to lie by misrepresenting a piece of goods that was being purchased ; but he refused and lost his place. To the inquiry of his father of the employer why his son was dismissed, the merchant replied : "He is too conscientious. He lost us a sale, the other day, of one hundred dollars, because he told the truth to the customer." With tears running down his cheeks, the father said : "My son, this is the proudest day of my life. You have been tried and not found wanting." I fancy a little more conscience these days would suffuse no cheeks with blushes, bring no tears to any eyes, nor in the least augment the horde of hungry villians who curse society ; too lazy to work, but yet not ashamed to steal.

III. *These slaves had been specially favored by the king, and were therefore under very special and peculiar obligations to him.*

Through his clemency they were placed in positions of comfort, and the severity of their captivity much ameliorated. Shall they now seem ungrateful and insensible to his favors, by openly setting at defiance his wishes? Shall they now prove traitors, and by

their conduct stimulate to riot, his otherwise loyal subjects? Kindness pleads most powerfully, and good men are usually most appreciative of favors and most quickly perceive the obligations they impose. But a good man must not do a wrong even for a benefactor. The husband pleads with the wife to abandon the church, the parents plead with the children to renounce Christ and be gay and festive. The friend pleads with the friend recently converted, to mingle in pleasures of the world and worldlings as aforetime; and how hard it is to withstand such appeals. How many yielding to them have sold themselves to misery and infamy, and in the end forfeited the very friends for whose sake they perpetrated so great a sin. Stop, I pray you, and think; has God no claim upon you? Are you under no obligations to Him? Shall His claims be ignored, while every other's demand shall be satisfied? Shall sin be paid in full and He get nothing? Moses stood firm, and paid God all, though under special obligation to the Egyptian court.

IV. *These men were away from home; indeed, a great way off.*

In a strange country, they and their antecedents were alike unknown, and if they bowed down, their far-away friends would never find it out. Are you safe in being, among strangers, where and what you would not be among friends? Are you safe in doing away from your friends what you would not do in their presence? A man who does in the absence of his

father, mother, sister, wife, or affianced what he would not do with them at his side, bemeans and belittles himself, and, if unchecked, is doomed to disgrace. Many condemn at home what they practice abroad ; but all such are hypocrites. Are your principles, like the raiment in your wardrobe, to be worn on special occasions, and changed at pleasure? The man who thus trifles with his convictions and himself, with his vows and integrity, will soon become a feather in the sea of accidents and the foot-ball of circumstances. Circumstances may change, and so may a man's belief ; but his integrity, never.

V. *These men could plead that obedience to the king's edict was general.*

All were yielding, and it was popular ; indeed, fashionable. When the current was so strong, might they not be allowed to go down the stream? Should they hold out, and thus subject themselves to severe censure or unfavorable criticism? "*Communis error facit jus*,"—What all do must be right. In insignificant and unimportant things, decency requires that we should be yielding ; but where principle, duty, the honor of God, a committed trust, or your own integrity is at stake, you should stand like the mountain to the storm, and as immovable as God's granite foundations in the rock-ribbed masonry of earth. No man's conduct can affect my duty. I owe fealty to self, to others, and to God, though all others in the universe should fail to recognize or discharge those incumbent

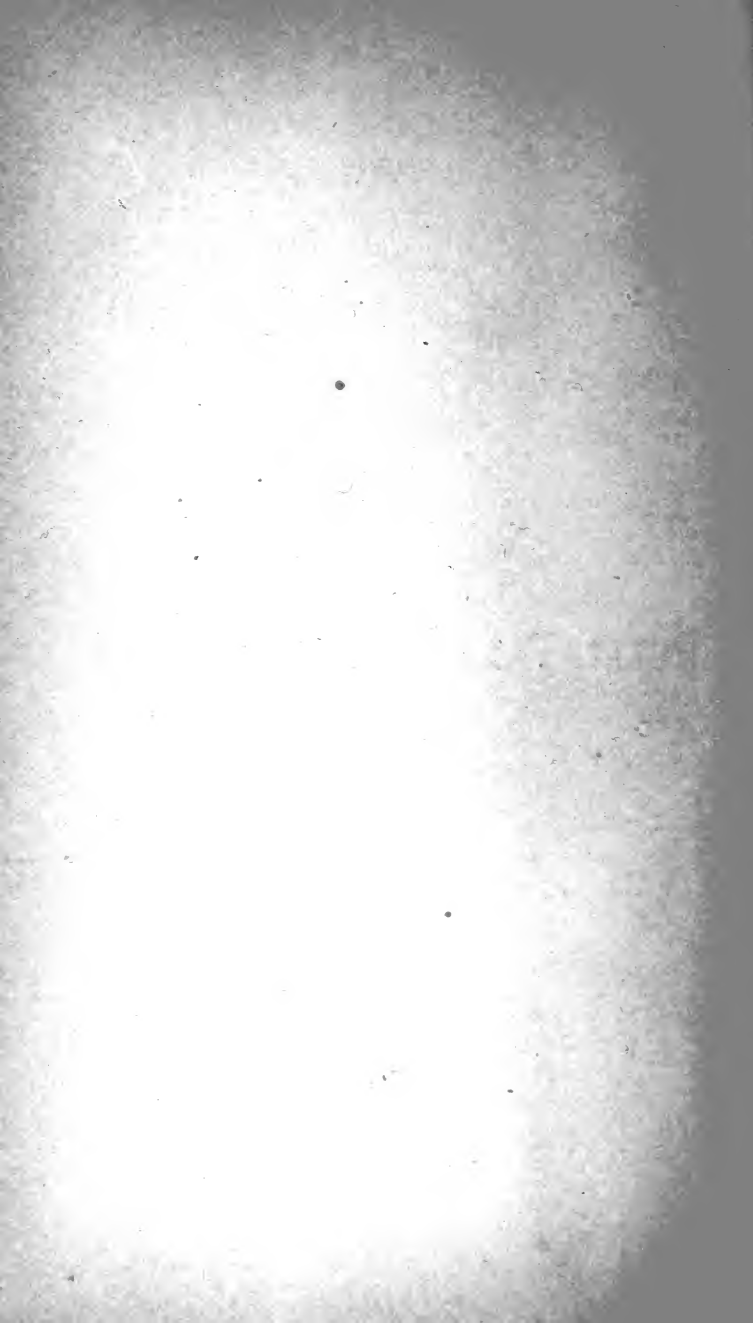
on them. Like Milton's "Abdiel," we should be "faithful found alone, among the faithless." If every enslaved Israelite in Babylon had bowed compliance with the king's decree, it would have been no justification for these young men. Judas betrayed Christ; but will that warrant you in doing it? Noah stood one hundred and twenty years alone. So Elijah, Jeremiah, Daniel, and others. Let no popular clamor influence you contrary to your honest convictions, and dare to do right, though you stand alone.

VI. *The men knew that the penalty for non-compliance was terrible.*

In view of this, might they not yield this once? The fiery furnace: think of it! What a terror to weak nerves is the thought of disfavor or persecution. Some say, "My trials are too many and too great; and I cannot endure them. If I follow Christ, I shall be cast into the fiery furnace, thrown into the den of lions, bound in stocks or imprisoned, dismembered by the sack, or burned at the stake." No, bless you, nothing like it. "But if we don't do as the world does, we shall be thought singular and be laughed at as being weak-minded." Great God, is this the only martyrdom for Thy cause in our day, and yet do men and women tremble in view of it? Let shot and shell hiss and scream around you, but stand to your guns, for if you be men you can afford to die in the furnace and under fire, but do not be untrue to self, to duty and to God. Your commander says: "And fear not

them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul ; but rather fear Him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." On a certain occasion, Constantius, the father of Constantine, wished to know the character of those around him. As a test, he commanded that they should sacrifice to his gods. Those who did were banished from his court, and those who refused were advanced to the offices of state. And so it will be with another greater than Constantius. If you are faithful to the little, you shall receive the much. If you are willing to die for Christ, you shall live with Him. If you are willing to share His ignominy, you shall His exaltation. If now you carry the cross, then you shall wear the crown. In the sternness of an inflexible faith, say to every sin, "We will not serve thy gods;" and you soon shall enter upon purer enjoyments beyond the reach of mutability and decay.





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PULPIT TALKS TO YOUNG WOMEN.

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## THE WOMAN ADMIRED.

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“And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven.” LUKE 7 : 48.

**T**HIS narrative is found alone in the Gospel of the Physician. This is such a minute account as you would naturally expect from a medical man, familiar with diseases, their cause and cure. There is some resemblance to this narrative in Matt. 26, Mark 14, and John 11. Both the hosts were called “Simon ;” but the others were “lepers,” this one a “Pharisee.” There the “head” was annointed ; here the “feet.” The sayings, the time, the place, all differ. This scene was most likely in Capernaum, or certainly in some one of the Galilean towns, while the other was in Bethany. This woman was most likely a Gentile, and must not be confounded with Mary Magdala, nor Mary the sister of Lazarus. But I proceed to a more important because a more practical discussion of this subject. We have here

I. *An uninvited and unwelcome guest.*

*A woman.* Women are not usually unwelcome visitors at our homes, and on festive occasions ! Indeed,

these places and times would seem extremely gloomy and dull without their cheerful presence.

*A sinner.* This woman was of bad repute in the community, and Simon feared his own character might be suspected by her presence. Her reputation was not, like that of Cæsar's wife, "above suspicion." She was covered with the soiled garments of her impure life. Weighed down, to the point of desperation, with the memory of her wasted hours and murdered opportunities, she flew, like the bird alarmed at the presence of the hawk, to a place of safety.

What emboldened her to go there, where she was neither asked nor wanted?

1. *Her sorrows.* v. 37.

She was weary of life and sick at heart ; she wanted to die, but had not the courage to commit suicide, and dared not thrust her polluted soul into the face of her offended God. Want makes us fearless. Nicodemus came to Jesus alone, and at night, when none might see him. He sought the Saviour when He, too, was in retirement, thus evincing curiosity rather than a deep sense of need. This woman, in broad daylight, in the face of the people, in defiance of prejudice, with the possibility of insult and ejectment, cried for help because of her conscious want. The retrospect of her life appalled her ! She began, as do you, to seek pleasure, and, like you, too, made the mistake of thinking it could be found in fashion's whims and follies, amid gay and festive companions, in places where

wit and genius, or buffoonery and vice, sought to amuse the giddy and the simple. These but created fictitious wants, that vainly strove to

“Cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
By base imagination of a feast.”

They led her astay, alluring her farther and yet farther from the true source of bliss. I have thought she was an only child, doted on by her father, and idolized by her mother. Reared amid Oriental elegance, and all her desires supplied with Oriental munificence, she was the envied of the town. Perhaps she was handsome, vain and self-willed. By her own act, she broke the hearts of her parents, cut the cords of filial love, that, like silken threads, had held her to purity and home, and with a single bound sprang into the social darkness of human misery and woe ! To an eminent minister there came a young woman, who said, “I want you to write to my mother, and ask her to forgive my sins, and to love me again. Tell her my heart is breaking, and I cannot live unless she forgives me !” There are broken hearts all about us ; and few are the homes in which cannot be found some skeletons. Young women, one match may destroy a city ; one full inspiration of the malaria-burdened atmosphere may sow the seeds of speedy death ; and one wrong step may plunge you into the abyssmal depths of the “blackness of darkness forever” ! I beg you, with the love of a brother, a pastor, a father, walk

softly before God, and in that "narrow way" on which pours the sunlight of His approval.

2. *Christ's presence brought her there.* v. 37.

So declares the historian. "When she *knew* that *Jesus* sat at meat in the Pharisee's house," etc. The movements of so important and distinguished a personage could not be concealed. The country was full of His fame. His miracles had become famous, and His utterances stamped him as the greatest of Rabbis. Hence, Pharisee and Sadducee, ruler and people, were alike aroused with desire and stimulated with curiosity. To see and hear Him was the longing of all hearts; and when, as Teacher or Healer, He came into their cities, He was at once surrounded by a surging throng. They watched for and followed Him, wherever He went, until it became necessary for Him to command their retirement, or divinely withdraw Himself from among them. Jesus is now, as then, the world's moral magnet, drawing the sorrowing and the sinful to himself for sympathy and healing. When with Jesus, you are safe; and with Him you are happy too. I pray you, therefore, seek Him, and evermore abide in His presence.

3. *Her faith.* v. 5.

So Luke affirms, on the testimony of the Healer, "Thy *faith* hath saved thee: go in peace." Two other women, as bad as she, had been healed. She knew them; had consorted with them in the ways of sin. They were cured, washed, and given back to

society purged from their vileness. They met this sinner. They had not seen each other before for many a day. They tell who healed them, and how He did it, and that He did it for nothing only for the asking. "Well," reasons her faith, "if this Jesus they talk about could heal and cleanse my old chum of Samaria, and if he cast the devils out of poor Magdalene, I am sure he can help me ; for I don't believe my case is more hopeless than was theirs." Then, too, she may have been instructed as to the coming of the Great Prophet among the Jews, who should save and care for Gentile as well as Israelite. She may have been taught the truth, which, like buried seed, had until now lain dormant and powerless.

Parents, teach your children the truth of the Word. It shall be the sheet-anchor that shall hold them in the tempest of unbelief, and the light by which to retrace their steps to forgiveness and God.

Another thought of importance is

II. *Her conduct while in that house and in the presence of those important personages.*

1. *She wept.* v. 38.

Tears, among the Orientals, imply not grief so much as earnest supplication. There is a universal language. This language is spoken by all nations, and is understood alike by all. "Tears," says Albert Smith, "are the safety-valves of the heart, when too much pressure is laid on ;" and Richter declares that "Tears are the dew-drops in which the Sun of Righteousness is mir-

rored." Tears are not the marks of weakness, but the evidences of power; and, since "Jesus wept," tears must be forever humanly sacred. This woman was not in tears for her dead loved ones, or friends endangered by accident or disease, but for herself. Scenes from her past life came trooping up before her to condemn her. Overwhelmed and abashed by the recollection of their greatness and number, she feared to look *Him* in the face, and so stood behind Him, and poured out "the blood of her heart," as St. Augustine calls her tears. The eye is the index of the soul, and is the translator of the heart. What more could her breaking heart give? Herself, her vileness, and her tears, were all she had to give.

Young women, are there no plague-spots on your souls? no blotched pictures of your life's painting? no remembered sins that leave their sting behind? Are there no lacerated hearts, no broken vows, no unfulfilled hopes, to cause you grief to-night? Come, with your remembered sins, and weeping, kneel, and to the ear Divine confess the wrongs that oppress your souls!

## 2. *Kissed His feet.*

Kissing is a common Eastern salutation. It might seem strange to us to see men kissing each other, as do the women; and yet in the East it is a very common custom. Jacob kissed his father, and Joseph his brother, and Aaron Moses; while the elders at Miletus fell on Paul's neck, and weeping, kissed him. Among idolatrous nations, kissing was an act of worship. It

is regarded as an act of loyalty. Wetstein says kissing the hand was a sign of adoration ; kissing princes was a token of homage ; kissing the dust expressed bitter and deep humiliation. To kiss the feet of the Rabbis was regarded as a special favor. Kissing the Pope's foot began with Adrian I. or Leo III., about the close of the Eighth Century. Among all nations, the kiss is the symbol of peace. With this woman, it may have indicated humility, adoration, loyalty and love. She kissed not coldly and formally, with ceremonial dignity and customary civility, but warmly, passionately, earnestly ; as a mother might be expected to kiss her child that had suddenly been snatched from danger, or a devoted wife the cold lips of a loving husband who had been in a moment stricken from her embrace by death ! Not once, or twice, but again and again, with affectionate vehemence, does she press her hot lips to those feet, while on them, thick and fast, fall the tears that scald her cheeks as they leave their burning imprint on her face in blistered lines. Absorbed with her own great grief, and in faith and hope waiting for His forgiving word, she takes no note of those around her, and for very pity the Master does not interfere with the blessed grief of this true penitent.

When you recollect how you have treated His invitations, resisted His tender calls, and rejected His love ; how you have "known the right, and yet the wrong pursued," to His constant pain ; how you have given

yourselves up to vanity, worldliness, selfish pursuits, or voluptuous enjoyments, — have you no tears to shed at His feet? no kiss of adoration at His long forbearance? of humility for offending such dignity? of loyalty to such a claimant, and affection for such a Saviour? Let me entreat you, “Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little.”

3. *Wiped His feet with her hair.*

Paul affirms, the hair is “The glory of the woman.” Among the Orientals, hair flowing loosely was a sign of mourning. To cut a lock at death implied submission. To cut a lock of hair and give to the buyer, was a sign among the Jews of a slave becoming the property of the purchaser. The hair has been, and still is, the pride of womanhood, and in all ages of the world has great attention been paid to caring for it. St. Augustine declares “The hairs of her head were the devil’s net, wherewith he ensnares souls.” Thus she brings her most valued and highly prized adornment into the service of Christ, saying in act, as another said in words, “Let Thy handmaid be as a servant to wash Thy feet.” In these *three* significant acts, I read the lesson of her true reformation, her profound loyalty, and her active service !

III. *The triple effect of her triple act.*

Conduct like hers, in such a presence, and on such an occasion, and with such a personage, would naturally leave a strong and striking impression on all



beholders. It would be a most valuable study to acquaint ourselves with the effect of the same act upon different persons at the same time. The historian has traced this result, in this instance, in strong colors and sharp contrasts.

1. *What the effect on Simon?*

One word might express it all : astonishment. His Phariseism is wounded at her audacity, and insulted by her presumption. More still, it created in his mind a distrust as to the character of his guest (v. 39), who, by allowing this woman to touch Him, contracted ceremonial uncleanness. If He were a prophet, as He pretends to be, would He not know she was a sinner, a woman of the town? and would not He denounce her impudence?

Simon is the type of too many church members, who, paying a punctilious regard to the letter of the law, do yet grossly violate its spirit. Defilement comes not from without, but from within ; not in the touch, but in the emotion that moves to the touch. Still, men and women sit on their velvet cushions, listening to operatic music from Christless sinners' lips, or powerless sermons from forceless ministers, wondering why this sin-befouled Magdalene should come into *their church* to see Jesus ! O woman ! degraded in your own eyes, and in the eyes of others you may be ; but if you would reform, and repent, and be saved, come now and here, for it is the spirit of this pulpit, and the prayer and effort of this congregation,

to seek the lost and neglected, and bring them to purity, peace and Heaven ! We are astonished, not that you are here, but that, being here, you do not at once seek Jesus the Saviour !

*2. What was the effect on Christ ?*

Here, again, methinks one word would utter it all : admiration (vs. 47—50). Profoundly pleased was He at her penitence, faith, courage, humility, perseverance and love ! Simon was not polite, neglected the commonest courtesies of hospitality, — the water and the kiss. This woman furnishes water for His feet from her tears of anguish ; a towel for the wiping from her unbraided tresses ; and for His feet kisses from her loving lips ! She was polite, devout, reverent. He who reads the heart saw deep sincerity, profound self-abasement, utter wretchedness, and aspirations for a nobler life, in this woman's heart ; and hence He extols her virtues, and declares appreciation of her conduct and approval of her desires.

The giddy and the thoughtless may, and most likely will, mock at your determination to change from a wrong to a right life. They will ridicule your coming where Jesus is ; but He approves your coming, admires your purpose and effort, and, waiting your tears and kisses, stands ready to coronate you with His smile, bless you with His love, and assure you of His forgiveness, because of your earnest and persistent faith ! Let others mock ; but you make sure of Christ and pardon.

3. *What was the effect on this woman-sinner?*  
v. 48.

What a contrast ! As she turns to retire, how unlike her former self ! No longer hangs down the head with shame ! no longer run down those tears of burning from her eyes ! no longer struggles there in the mind hope and fear, faith and unbelief ! No, no ! He spake, "Thy sins are forgiven," and the chains fell off, the doors swung open, health returned, joy was imparted, peace was given, pardon was pronounced, and forgiveness assured ! Condemned then, justified now ! A sinner then, a saint now ! Believing then, knowing now ! Hoping then, enjoying now ! Sinking then, risen now ! Lost then, but saved now ! The angels sing for joy at her recovery, and her own heart swells to breaking, while her lips declare His love and praise in song, in testimony, and in act ! Hallelujah ! what a Saviour !



## THE WOMAN WOOED.

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“And when she had so said, she went her way, and called Mary her sister secretly, saying, The Master is come, and calleth for thee.” JOHN 11: 28.

**S**ICKNESS and death are seasons of trouble and sorrow that come alike to all. No condition or circumstance in life will shield us from them. The inmates of this Bethany home were two sisters and an only brother. Some suppose Martha was a widow, while Mary and Lazarus were unmarried. Lazarus was the only male provider and protector of these sisters. In this home, the Son of Man, wearied with His constant labors, found a hearty welcome, and here He often rested. In this trio of persons there was much that Jesus loved, and the attachment between them was deeply seated and profoundly genuine. He was not ignorant of their great sorrow, though many miles away, for He said to His disciples, “Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep.” “Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead.” He comes to them, a light in their darkness, a comfort in their sorrow, an instructor in their ignorance, a deliverer in their trouble, and a

restorer of their loss. Poor impetuous Martha meets Him with a chiding and covert rebuke ; " If Thou hadst been here," as though Jesus might have been and ought to have been there. It might be more charitable to assume that it was an expression of her faith in His power. He tells her of the resurrection, and puts her faith to the test. She believes in the future ultimate and general resurrection, but cannot think it possible that the brother who is now dead, and has been for four days, can be raised before *that* final day. Mary, sad and pensive, overwhelmed with her great loss, still sits in the house, conversing with or receiving the consolations of sympathizing friends and neighbors. The Master bids Martha go and call her sister. Martha, entering the house, addressed Mary, " The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

To some thoughts based on this call, I now invite the attention of these young women, for whose special interest these sermons are prepared and delivered.

I. *The Master is come.*

1. *If the Master is come, then is His incarnation confirmed.*

Angels sang His birth-anthem over His infant head, and rendered luminous the manger-cradle by their reflected glory. The new-made star, with concentrated beams of supernal brightness, pointed to the place where lay the obscured Son of Righteousness. The shepherds left their flocks to worship this divine incarnation. The Magi ceased their speculations, and

came to pour their richest treasure of gold, frankincense and myrrh in grateful tribute at His feet. At His baptism the Paraclete descends and lights upon Him, while a voice from the excellent glory declares, "*This is my beloved Son,*" and proclaims the command, "Hear ye Him!"

2. *If He has come, then are the ordinances of value.*

Has He not said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them"? This was true then, and is blessedly true now. Together to worship Him, in obedience to His commandments, with a dependence upon His spirit, and a single eye to His glory, in the faithful use of the means of grace, you shall find the Master. Walls shall not exclude Him, obscurity shall be no barrier to His presence. Poverty and ignorance will not keep Him away, if you meet to *worship God!* With the ordinance of baptism He is present in His approval, and in the witness of the Spirit whose work the rite symbolizes; in the solemn eucharistic feast that perpetually tells the story of His great sacrifice; in His low-stooping to unparalleled sufferings; in the constantly reiterated command, "This do in remembrance of me;" with the blessed affirmation, "This is my body which is broken for you," — in all these He is present. In His house, under the ministry of the Word; in the social meeting for prayer and praise; in the closet of home, in holy and fervent supplication; at the family altar, around which gather loving

hearts to offer grateful tribute to His name; in "searching the Scriptures," where is told the story of His love and portrayed the glory of His character and the blessedness of His service,—in all of these is He present with the devout heart to illuminate, to sanctify, and to bless!

3. *If He has come, then is He present in the affairs of life.*

Life is not the huddled work of chance, or the product of a blind fatuity. There is much truth in the utterance of the poet Thompson:

"There is a power  
Unseen, that rules the illimitable world,  
That guides its motions from the brightest star  
To the least dust of this sin-tainted world;  
While man, who madly deems himself the lord  
Of all, is naught but weakness and dependence.  
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,  
Thou must have learnt, when wandering all alone;  
Each bird, each linnet, flitting through the sky,  
Was more sufficient for itself than thou."

In the secret councils where we form worldly plans, in the wild delirium of joy with which we essay to execute them, and amid the crashing of our hopes, the failure of our schemes, and the wrecking of our prospects, is present this ever truest of Friends, this most loving of Masters. In sickness He is present to make your bed, to lay beneath you His arm, to pillow your aching head on the soft promises of His word,

and fill your room with the odor of His fragrant holiness and love. In dying, His staff is your support, and He cheers you with the assurance communicated to your soul, "I am with thee to the end."

The wife of my dear friend, the Rev. Mr. C., was dying. When, by the advice of the medical attendant, he went to convey the intelligence to her of her probable near release, he said, "Do you know you are very sick?" "Yes." "The doctor thinks you may possibly not live till morning: have you any preparation to make?" "No: all has been done for over eighteen years." This because the Master had come, and she received Him.

4. *The Master will come once again.*

No fact stands more fully assured in the Scriptures than that *the* Christ, who came, suffered, and died upon the cross, was raised from the dead, ascended into heaven, and gave gifts unto men, "shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." The trembling earth, the rending graves, the fading stars, the expiring sun, the opening heavens, the conveying angels, are expressions used to indicate the commotion of that magnificent day of Christ's triumph and coronation. There will be but two parties interested in that visit of the Master — saints and sinners! Young women, on which side of the line are you? Hear what Paul says, Heb. 9:28: "So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of Mary; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second



time without sin, unto salvation." Do you look for His coming with a conscious preparedness through His death and mediation? or are you still among that unhappy number of whom the recluse of Patmos speaks, Rev. 1 : 7 : "Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him, and all kindred of the earth shall wail because of Him"? By your persistent wickedness, your suicidal rejection of Christ, are you piercing Him; and, dying thus, your eternity will be one of unrelieved and unrelievable wailing, for "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin." Right here I leave with the acceptors and rejectors of *the Master* the utterance of Paul the aged, 2 Thess. 1 : 7, 8, 9 : "And to you who are troubled, rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ : who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power."

Young women, by all your hopes of heaven, your fears of hell, and the *one hour* that Infinite Love grants you now and here, break from sin, and be saved by this Christ !

The Master is an interested spectator ; hence

I. *He calleth.*

That is why He was here instead of in heaven. The very end of His coming was to "call sinners to repent-

ance." From infancy has He been calling you in some one of the many ways He seeks to gain your ear and win your heart.

1. *He calls by His spirit.*

An internal inspiration toward the good and the right. This whispered call is heard in the first hours of moral consciousness. It convinced you of need, creating and exciting in you a desire for God; convinced of sin, and moved you to long for and pray to God. In these maturer years you have felt the power and heard the voice of this "Reprover of Sin." He has been with you in the home, shop, street, church; in the light of day and the darkness of night; in seasons of mirth and times of revelry; in the afflictive providences of life, has He sought to arouse your conscience, impress your mind, and win your heart. Again and again have you heard this Divine Voice calling you, until you feared to sleep, and life became alarmingly burdensome. Constantly, tenderly, and definitely, as Martha to Mary, has that spirit-voice been sent of the Master to tell you He had come and called for *you*. Have you not heard Him? Do you not hear Him now? Yield to him now, I beseech you!

2. *Through His people does He call you.*

In every age God has had His human representatives, by and through whom He spoke to the wicked. Not all are called to do the specified work of a minister, and yet all are witnesses of, for, and to, the same

God, truth and people. In proof of this, look at some facts. Noah was God's representative to the antediluvians ; Abraham and Lot were the warners of Sodom and Gomorrah, those wicked cities of the plain ; Moses and Aaron were the witnesses before Pharaoh ; Elijah pronounced the Divine doom at the Court of Ahab ; Jeremiah warned the impenitent Jehoakim ; Daniel sounded the tocsin to a guilty and beastly Belshazzar ; and Jesus himself to a rebellious Jerusalem.

By the piety of your parents, the conversion of your friends, the prayers and tears of His people, and the entreaties of His ministry, is Christ calling you. In the conscious necessities of your own souls, your own cravings after rest, the graves of your buried loves, and the starless outlook of the future, is voiced His call for you to come, and find rest and peace.

III. *This call is personal and particular.*

The personal pronoun "thee," and the proper name "Mary," stamp it with an irresistible personality.

1. *Thee, Mary.*

You, child of frivolity, who sit here to-night, careful of your external adorning, but careless of your internal condition ; you, child of thoughtless gayety, who, like the butterfly, only lives to flit with gorgeous colors in the sunlight of a day ; you, child of seriousness, who, bereft of earthly loves and earthly home, art pining for some breast to lean upon, and some ear into which can be poured the sorrows of your full

heart, — this Jesus is a suitor for your hand and heart. In Him there is a love that is sweeter than life and stronger than death ; an antidote for all your sins ; a mollient for all your wounds. You, child of baptismal covenant and consecration, your obedient parents gave you to God, by that most sacred of rites, and in that divinest of covenants, baptism. They wept over and prayed for you ; recognizing God's claims, they gave you back to Him, feeling you were but loaned to them until the Master should call for you. Down to this hour, you have repaid their love and tenderness and tears with disobedience, unkindness, and an utter disregard for their holiest wishes respecting your true life. Young woman, Jesus the Saviour, Christ the Anointed, the only begotten Son of God, sues for your heart ! Shall He have it ?

A child was sleeping in its crib, by the side of the bed, in which slept the parents. A terrible thunder-storm was crashing through the heavens ; peals of thunder, appalling in their loudness and prolonged reverberations, were succeeded by fiery flashes of painful brilliancy. The dear child awoke with a sharp scream, " Papa, its dark ! Its dark papa ! Take Nellie's hand ! " He put out his hand, and firmly held the hand of his darling, who instantly dropped into a quiet sleep, to awake in the morning and find the darkness and tempest gone, leaving only sunshine and a richer verdure behind them. Dear young girl, it is dark in your soul, and mayhap in your life, and

home. The tempest of sin is upon you ! Cry, oh, cry, "Father, take my hand" ! See, He stretches out His hand in Jesus. Take it quickly ; then will you rest, finding your night turned to day, and the threatening tempest to a celestial benediction.

*2. Because personal, this call is important.*

The Lord Jesus was always serious, and never trifled with a human soul. This call of His is not to the pillory or the fagot ; not to disgrace and poverty ; not misery or death ; not to late hours, unhealthy homes, wicked associates or disreputable places. No, no ! He calls to the purest of joys, the noblest companionships, the most exalted experiences, and the divinest employments. He sees you blind, and in the road of danger and death, and He offers to lead you in the path of life. He sees you incurably sick, abandoned by the doctors of reason, science, philosophy and morality, with your substance exhausted, and deserted by friends ; He comes to heal you, "without money and without price." He sees you an outcast, without a home, no one to care for your soul, wandering up and down amid life's highways and byways, unknown and uncared for, with none to feed, clothe or shelter you ; He comes to clothe you with salvation, give you angels' food to eat, and a home among the blood-washed, in the "House not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He sees you poor, but he comes, that, emptying himself and becoming poor, He might

enrich you ! Adorable Master, to this richness and glory Thou callest these !

3. *This call because personal is condescending.*

How passing strange, that He whose glories the angels sang before the worlds were framed ; that He, to whose praise all nature testified, and before whom seraphim bowed in reverence, and of whom prophets spake and sang with gladsome awe ; in whose honor all creation ministered with its perpetual ministralsy, should turn away from the laudations of the universe, to win the love of the only being in that universe who did not sing His praise ! Wonder, O woman ! Leaving the glory He had with the Father before the worlds were, He stoops to sue you for your hand ! He begs for your heart ! Your love will gladden His heart ; your love will enrich His joy ! Think of this Suitor. Never such another ! In the whole realm of wedded love, none so royal or glorious as this ! Reject Him, and your loss is irreparable and eternal ! Accept Him, and your blessedness is assured, now and then, here and hereafter. Will you treat Him as did Mary ? When called, she came ; when addressed, she listened ; when sought, she was influenced by the dignity of the Suitor, the immensity of His wealth, and the incomparable superiority of His character. When proposed to, she accepted. Will you act thus promptly and wisely ?

During the meetings of Moody and Sankey in Philadelphia, the following circumstance occurred, and is

vouched for by Mr. Sankey: One evening a well-dressed lady went into the inquiry-room, during the special services there, and asked a Christian woman present to pray for her. Her story was soon ascertained. About a year ago she wandered from a dear Christian mother and everything that was good and pure. She was present at one of Mr. Moody's meetings, and was struck with his words "that none were so far gone but what the Lord will restore them." A Philadelphia minister subsequently took her to his home, and after three days she found peace in believing. She is now again living with her mother, and is one of the happiest persons in that city.

Young women, you have wandered from the home of a loving Father in Heaven! He waits your return. Will you not to-night say, "Pray for me"? Will you not now accept this Son of His love?

"Far sadder sights the eye can know  
Than proud bark lost, or seamen's woe,  
Or battle-fire, or tempest-cloud,  
Or prey-birds' shriek on ocean's shroud —  
The shipwreck of the soul!"

## THE WOMAN ENGAGED.

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“And they called Rebekah, and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man? And she said, I will go.” GEN. 24: 58.

**T**HIS is one among the many deeply interesting historic stories of this wonderful old Book, and brings us face to face with one of the most momentous acts in the history of a human life ; when for weal or woe a woman engages herself to *one* as apart from all others. This is an act that is so fraught with happiness or misery to the contracting parties that it should have our sincerest prayers for Divine enlightenment, our most deliberate judgment, and the aid of our most judicious friends as counsellors. A misstep at this point cripples if it does not destroy us, for time, if not for eternity. Said William Penn, “Never marry but for love ; but see thou lovest what is lovely.” And Holmes declares, “It is the most momentous question a woman is ever called upon to decide, whether the faults of the man she loves are beyond remedy, and will drag her down, or whether she is competent to be his earthly redeemer, and lift him to her own level.”

Here are two distinguished parties, both the offspring of royalty : Isaac (*meaning laughter or joy*),



the son of Abraham the Prince, and Rebekah (*meaning a cord with a noose*), the daughter of the Prince Bethuel, who was also father to Laban and Nahor. Sarah, the wife of Abraham, and mother of Isaac, was dead ; and, with the conviction that his own end drew near, Abraham was anxious to secure a suitable partner for his son. This he could not find among his godless neighbors ; hence the journey and its sequel. Let me ask your attention

I. *To the desire of good parents for their children.*

Isaac was a good and obedient son. He loved his parents with a sincere and fervent love. Hence, Abraham was anxious to secure a pious wife for his son, that his character might not be endangered and his faith and soul destroyed. Among the Hebrews, the father selected the wife for the son, and husband for the daughter. If a son had any preference for a particular person for his wife, he would ask his father to procure *her* for him. A father could not give his daughters in marriage without the consent of the sons and brothers, if there were any. Grant, in his history of the Nestorians, says, "This rule is observed among them at the present day. No man thinks of making a marriage contract for himself. In case the father is dead, the eldest brother takes the father's place. Where the intended bride lives at a distance, the matter is sometimes intrusted to a faithful servant or agent, as was done by Abraham in relation to his son Isaac."

Solomon says, "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord." Prov. 18:22. By this, I suppose we are to understand a *good* wife; a true woman with those wifely qualities that will make her a fit and safe companion for a pious and holy man. Solomon was more wise in precept than fortunate in practice; for by the wickedness of his own wife was his heart drawn from God. Abraham wanted the daughter of a good mother as the wife for his son. He wanted his son's zeal for God encouraged, not chilled; his faith in the promises intensified, not obscured; Isaac helped, not hindered, in his heavenward journey; hence he sought prayerfully and sincerely for a pious young woman. To secure this, he must turn away from the wealthy, the giddy, and the worldly, by whom he was surrounded, and must turn to the Church of God, to find among her children, those worshiping at her altars and adoring the same God, the qualities essential to marital love with this son of promise and heir of the covenant. He knew a bad wife would render his existence miserable, if she did not destroy his faith. It was Jezebel who led Ahab to idolatry and death. It was Herod's wife who nerved his cowardly hand to murder God's ambassador. It was the licentious wife, Drusilla, who pushed a Felix to his base treachery. So we find a pious Hannah encourages a timid Elkanah. So the wife of Manoah brought joyful news from the messenger of God; and it was the wise and prudent

Abigail who saved her stingy and churlish husband, Nabal, from David's avenging sword. It was because of the earnest intercessions of a pious wife that the loving Shunammite husband and father had an only son restored unto him.

In choosing a companion, select *qualities* rather than the accident of *circumstances*. Apparel changes in texture and form ; mere bodily charms will waste away under the influence of disease, or the abrasions of time ; but qualities, like pure gold, always have an intrinsic value, and like diamonds of the first water, never lose their lustre.

## II. *The messenger dispatched.*

With what solemnity and interest did this father and son talk over this matter, of so great moment to both, involving, as it did, so much of joy or sorrow ! He believed that in the Mesopotamia branch of the family, among his own relatives, God would provide a wife for his son. So walking by the best light he had, he called his oldest and most trusted servant, Eliezer, and informs him of his wish and purpose. He administers to him an oath, that he will well and truly perform this delicate and responsible mission. This servant is a religious man, as all his conduct in this history abundantly proves. He asks Abraham, "Shall I be responsible if the woman will not come?" "No," answered Abraham. "If you go to Haran, and lay the matter before Bethuel, and his daughter will not come, then are you free from your oath !" Many

years had passed since there had been any direct communication between these brothers. They were young men when Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees, and turned his face toward that unknown land that the Almighty promised him ; now, they are both in the *sear* of life, shrouded in the thickening mists that never again shall lift in this world. Abraham would therefore impress Bethuel with his dignity and prosperity ; therefore was this outfit one of care and value. Ten camels constituted the train. There are two species of the camel : viz., the Bactrian and the Arabian. These sustain about the same relation to each other as does the race-horse to the draught-horse. The former is fleet of foot, and will, under favorable conditions, make a hundred miles a day ; while the latter will carry from five to nine hundred pounds, and journey twenty-four miles a day. The distance from Hebron, Abraham's home, to Nahor, Bethuel's home, could not be less than three hundred and fifty miles ; and this would require at least fourteen days time for these Asiatic freighters. This road lay through a wilderness inhabited by warlike tribes. It required no small amount of courage and judgment to safely bring such a caravan to its destination, surrounded by difficulties so numerous, and perils so imminent.

If you will refer to this twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis, and read, you will learn of the *oath* in verses 2—4 ; the *object* in verse 4 ; the *outfit* in verse 10 ; and the *spirit* and *temper* of the messenger in verse 12.

By the careful study of these, you will find much that you may make of practical value to yourselves. As Abraham sent his servant to find a wife for Isaac, so are we sent to find a bride for Christ ! God is interested in His only Son, and He would have His name and fame exalted ; would have all hearts won to and for Him. This is the aim of every minister whom God calls and sends. For this they traverse land and sea, penetrating the jungles of Africa, defying the malaria of India, risking life amid the tribes of Tartary, consenting to die among the Hottentots of the South, the Esquimaux of the North, the Celestials of the East, or the Indians of the West. "They count not their life dear unto themselves, that they may finish their course with joy, and the ministry they have received of the Lord Jesus." As this servant was released from the responsibility of the failure, if he did his errand faithfully, so are we released from the responsibility of your loss, if you reject our faithfully delivered message. Yet I cannot but think how sad Eliezer would have felt to turn back, having failed in his mission. And can you fancy how sad and sorrowful we feel, as God's messengers, when we are compelled, because of your refusal, to report to our Lord, "We have failed ! We went to them, spoke the whole truth, and plead with them ; but they would not" ? Young women, save me from this sorrow, and yourselves from a terrible doom !

III. *The things to which the servant testified.*

There is something to me very natural, simple, and beautiful in this address of Abraham's servant. That you may catch at once its naturalness and its religiousness, let me briefly notice it.

1. *He confessed his Master's name.* v. 34.

"I am Abraham's servant." This would at once insure him a hearing. How interested instantly that entire household to hear from the brother and uncle of whom they had so long been without information ! How eagerly the younger members of the family would strain their ears to catch every word ! How seriously and tenderly would Bethuel and his wife speak of Abraham, as they last saw him, and reckon up the thirty or fifty years since he had left them ! How they would weep at the story of Sarah's death, and the consequent loneliness of Abraham ! Carefully and truthfully speaks this servant, taking his true place in all humility, exalting and extolling his master, satisfied to shine in this borrowed glory, content with a humble relationship to such regal dignity.

2. *He told of the wealth of his master.* v. 35.

"The Lord hath blessed my master greatly ;" "He hath given him flocks, and herds, and silver, and gold, and men-servants, and maid-servants, and camels, and asses."

These mentioned elements of wealth would be readily understood by these people, who themselves were possessors of flocks and herds and servants.

They would at once understand how rich and powerful Abraham had become ; but here was no exaggeration, no empty braggadocio, no puffed-up or vain, worldly glory, no lauding of Abraham at the expense of truth. It was not Abraham's diligence, or frugality, or skill, that acquired this property, and secured this social eminence, but the *Lord's blessing* on his endeavor ! How he keeps Abraham constantly associated with the Lord in all his history ! but, lest his story might be questioned, he

3. *Displays the evidences of that wealth.*

“And the servant brought forth jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment, and gave them to Rebekah. He gave also to her brother and to her mother precious things (v. 53).” These would at once confirm his story, and be conclusive evidence of the wealth of Abraham.

It is worthy of thought to see how carefully and directly this servant prepares the minds of these people for the final proposition he has come four hundred miles to submit. He never forgets his master nor his master's son, in whose honor and for whose happiness he is on this embassy. By a series of arguments and demonstrations he leads their minds to Abraham, as their relative, thence to the honor and distinction he had acquired among the strangers in the land where he sojourned ; to his great wealth, and abundant possessions of all those things esteemed greatly desirable by an Eastern Prince ; and then most adroitly declares,

4. *That all this wealth he had given to his only heir, Isaac.*

“And Sarah my master’s wife, bare a son to my master when she was old ; and unto him hath he given all that he hath” (v. 36). And it is for this *only* son, possessed in fee-simple of all this wealth and honor, that I come to ask the hand of your daughter in marriage.

Now observe, Eliezer discovers to Bethuel’s family, both Abraham, the father, and Isaac, the son ; indeed, the only son of special promise. He represents this son as being endowed with all the virtues, and possessed of all the riches of the father. So we testify of God, and of His “Well beloved” and “Only begotten Son,” “Whom He hath made heir of all things.” We declare His name and point to His wealth, in “the cattle upon a thousand hills,” the gold in the mines, the fishes in the sea ; we show the evidences of this wealth and glory in the existence and character of His people, the angels who stand in His presence, ready to do His bidding, and the ceaseless homage paid Him by all creatures, at all times, and in all places. Then, too, we affirm, as did Abraham’s servant, that all these things hath he given to his son. “All things that the Father hath are mine.” We tell you of the glory of God, and the transference of this wealth and glory to His only Son, Jesus, that He may win your hand and heart for His love and service. I wonder how a woman, with her



need of love, with her shrinking, sensitive, yearning nature, can look into and study the character of the Lord Jesus, and not instantly embrace Him, and with all the passion of her soul tell Him, "To Thee I commit the keeping of my soul and body, for time and eternity ; for Thou art true and Thy love ineffable !"

IV. *Her engagement and its gift.*

"And they called Rebekah, and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man? And she said, I will go" (v. 58). "Behold, Rebekah is before thee, take her, and go, and let her be thy master's son's wife, as the Lord hath spoken" (v. 51). She heard the testimony of this stranger, saw some of the tokens of its truthfulness ; she was convinced, believed his story, and, because of it, accepted the proposal, and engaged herself to a man she had never seen.

We are constantly doing the business of life on slighter evidence than that which influenced the action of Rebekah and her family. Thousands marry on as short an acquaintance, with no evidence of the will of God in the premises at all ; so that it has passed into a proverb : "They marry in haste, and repent at their leisure." Here was a careful and circumstantial statement of facts on the one side, with a candid disposition to carefully ponder and weigh these statements on the other. Eliezer did not want her consent unless it was freely given ; nor was there any need on his part to exaggerate the facts ; indeed, he could not well do it if he would. Her engagement,

therefore, was entirely voluntary. The facts convinced her, and what matter whether they did others or not? She must decide for herself; must make her own choice and use her own judgment for her own weal or woe. She chose Isaac. Think you she ever regretted it? that she lived to repent the engagement of that day? But for that engagement, she would have remained in eternal obscurity, like thousands of others. This, the one grandest venture and act of her whole life, has made her illustrious, and given her an immortality among the noble and morally heroic of earth's daughters! With this engagement came some gifts worthy of our notice.

1. *Jewelry.* vs. 22 — 53.

Seven kinds of jewelry are mentioned in the Word of God. Observe, *mentioned*, not *commended*; for the adornment God approves is "a meek and quiet spirit, which is of great price" in His estimation. There were jewels for the forehead, nose, ears, arms and fingers; for the neck, breast and ankles. In these days the engagement gift is supposed to be a diamond. There are three kinds of diamonds: the African, the Californian, and the paste. How many of these latter are upon the fingers of poor, deceived girls the jewelers alone can tell.

2. *She has a new objective in life.*

Before her engagement she only lived to do the work of the day, please her parents, and gratify herself with the momentary pleasures growing out of her

home-life and duties. Now she lives in preparation for her affianced, to make him happy, and to share his prosperity and reverses ; to minister to his necessities and secure his approval are the aspirations of her heart. She would be looked upon in a new light and with very different feelings by all her friends and acquaintances, and she would entertain for them an affection very different from that which she cherished before her engagement. By this act she has enhanced her importance immensely in the minds of all ; for not only is she engaged, and to a noble and wealthy prince, but she is in the way to the attainment of that most ardently coveted boon of every rightly educated woman, — marriage and maternity.

3. *A new name.*

She is no more remembered or spoken of as Rebekah, the daughter of Bethuel, but Rebekah, the wife of Isaac. Whatever honor, glory, or immortality is associated with the name of Isaac she is to share.

4. *A new residence.*

She has forever cut loose from the old home, with its endeared associations. She bids good-by to old friends and playmates, old loves and practices. Westward, through dense forests, over arid plains, and across precipitous mountain ranges waits her spouse, and there is to be her home, her service, and her joy. True, hostile tribes and dangerous foes are between them ; but she has engaged herself to Isaac, and for

that love and person she smiles at all difficulties, and is prepared to brave every peril.

And, dear young woman, as I stand here and appeal to you to engage yourself to the Lord Jesus, you query, "What shall be my engagement gift?" It shall be

*A new name.* "To him that overcometh will I give" "a white stone, and in the stone a new name written." Rev. 2:17. "I will write upon him the name of my God." Rev. 3:12.

*A new nature.* "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises; that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." 2 Peter 1:4.

*A new service.* "And He saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Matt. 4:19.

*A new treasure.* "Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come follow me." Matt. 19:21. "Knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance." Heb. 10:34.

*A new peace.* "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." Rom. 5:1—2. These, and much more; for "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,

neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." 1 Cor. 2 : 9.

Compare Rebekah's poverty with Isaac's wealth, her obscurity with his prominence, and can you wonder that the candid and simple-hearted girl should have been completely captivated with gifts so varied and valuable, and an alliance so distinguished and ennobling? With your superior light of Christ's character, and the blessedness and dignity of His service, every one of you should presently engage yourselves to this Son of the Father, and receive these magnificent gifts at His hand. I would to God I could persuade you of the nobility and incomparable glory of such an espousal !

V. *Her departure.*

"And Rebekah arose, and her damsels, and they rode upon the camels, and followed the man : and the servant took Rebekah, and went his way" (v. 61). How touching and life-like this narrative ! This last picture in the closing drama, how it moves all hearts ! At such a moment how tears mingle with our rejoicings, as sunshine and rain-drops in April day !

When a dear child stands on that narrow line that fringes the border between girl and wife ; when she looks backward for the last time, and feels, "Henceforth my look must be forward and outward ;" when she parts with the tried and trusted love of parents for the untried yet trusted love of another, ah ! this is a time

and an occasion for tears, and none but a madman or a fool could lightly feel and act on the eve of an event so fraught with misery or bliss. Go, gather up the disappointed wives, the broken-hearted and abused women who have intrusted themselves to perfidious wretches to have their love requited with indifference, their meek devotion with blows, their faithful service with curses, and their long-suffering silence with cold neglect ; and as you look upon their bent forms, wan and pale countenances, *covered* thick and deep with lines of suffering, tell me, can you lightly regard or thoughtlessly take the step that may number you with that long line of disappointed and abused sufferers?

Rebekah steps into the unknown. With faith in the God of her parents, to whom she has consecrated herself, and now commits her steps, she speaks the dear old word "good-by" ! One word explains her conduct : "Engaged" ! This is the magnet that attracts from home and friends to distant scenes and labors. How those parents and that brother would look after that retreating caravan ! Down through the valley, over the plain, ascending the mountain side, it slowly moves. Did Rebekah weep ? Perhaps so. Did she ever and anon turn and look backward with an occasional sigh ? Possibly. She was leaving *sight*, and was now moving by *faith*. *That* she *knew* ; *this* she *believed*. With the retirement of the sun, the travelers disappear from parental watchers, and home and hill-side, and well and flocks, are hidden from the

daughter's vision. It is night ; but faith trusts for the dawning of to-morrow, and it dawns joyous, bright and blessed. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

In Iowa there resides a lady, a friend of mine, who came all the way from Germany for her affianced, and married after reaching Dubuque. She found him kind and true, and they live happily in their wedded love, God having blessed them with a family of beautiful children and a home and competence. Another girl, engaged, left her home in England to meet and marry her betrothed in the City of New York. Alone she braved the perils of the deep to go to a strange country, and make her home among strangers. Reaching the dock, her intended met her on board of the steamer ; and to her horror and dismay he was so intoxicated as to be stupidly silly. She left the steamer and accompanied him to a hotel. With tears streaming down her cheeks and the utter agony of her heart choking her utterance, she kindly but firmly declared her purpose never to marry him. She could leave home and friends, and suffer the sea-sickness and encounter the dangers of an ocean voyage ; but she had not the courage, or rather fool-hardiness, sufficient to risk her future happiness with a drinking husband. By the same steamer she returned to England. She was a brave and sensible girl.

You are asked to leave home and friends and all for this Jesus, but not without a consideration. Hear

it : "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My sake, and the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions (trials) ; and in the world to come, eternal life." Mark 10 : 29—30.

It is said a gentleman in England was showing his possessions to a friend. Taking him to a an elevated spot, he waved his hand and said, "This is my estate." Pointing in a certain direction, he said, "Do you see that farm? That is mine." Pointing in a different direction, he said, "Do you see that house? That is mine." After he had finished marking the boundary of his estates, his friend said, "Do you see that village in the foreground?" "Yes." "Well, there resides a woman who can say more than you can !" "Indeed ! What?" "She can say, '*Christ is mine*' !"

Young women, you may have pleasant homes and kind friends ; you may be living lives free from great sorrow or oppressing cares ; you may enjoy the bloom of health with an exemption from physical suffering ; your society may be sought by worthy young men ; life's future may seem full of golden sunshine ; and yet, with all this, you are not satisfied. I am sent, a messenger from God, to ask you in marriage for His Son ! This proposal, if accepted by you, will enrich your true life, filling it with sweetest music, constant sunshine, purest enjoyments, noblest delights, the most



exalted companionships, and most God-like service !  
Come, now and here : say, as did your sister, "I will  
go with this man," and from this hour your life will  
have a new significance, and your living a nobler and  
holier end !

"Wedded love is founded on esteem,  
Which the fair merits of the mind engage;  
For those are charms that never can decay :  
But time, that gives new whiteness to the swan,  
Improves their lustre."



## THE WOMAN MARRIED.

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“For thy Maker is thine husband.” ISA. 54: 5.

“There is difference also between a wife and a virgin. The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy, both in body and in spirit: but she that is married, careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband.” 1 COR. 7: 34.

THE three preceding sermons of the course have been to the irreligious *especially*: this and the succeeding one are *particularly* intended for the Christian woman. In the former, Christ was a suitor: here you have accepted; and it is to the obligations and benefits growing out of this new relationship that I desire definitely to call your attention.

In this sermon we will show the *obligations*, and in the next the *benefits*.

I have chosen two texts, the better to illustrate and enforce the thoughts I have in view. The one affirms that God is your husband; the other that you are to study to please this husband. For the wife to study to please the husband, without a sacrifice of religious principle, is right and commendable, viewed from any standpoint.

With this thought before you, it seems to me you

would be moved to greater care in the selection of a partner for life. Many a pious young girl, raised in a Christian home, has been betrayed into marrying an irreligious man, who had no sympathy with her religious views or practices ; and she soon found she must go alone to God's house, and incur her husband's displeasure or sneer for so doing, and hence left the church, where her face was regularly seen, and her voice constantly heard in song, prayer, and praise. From this she was led into sin, — the opera, the theatre, the dance, wicked associates and impure literature. Thus, from compromising her principles to please her husband, she has lost her soul, having forfeited God's favor, and that of her husband too. Of how many thousands this is too terribly true, eternity will alone reveal !

A *Christian* woman should marry a *Christian* man ; for "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" If your irreligious husband shall be too refined and manly to *oppose* you, are you strong enough to pull the boat against the current with him in it? or can you bear yourself afloat, while he, motionless, clings to you? Can a bird mount upward with one wing broken? Neither can you, with an unbelieving husband, without an effort so unnaturally extraordinary as few are capable of making.

*A wife is married to one man.*

Monogamy, and not polygamy, is God's order and intendment. If there ever was a time when polygamy

seemed a necessity, it was in the beginning of the propagation of the race. Surely, it could have been no more difficult for the Almighty to have created twenty Eves than one ; nor would the suffering to Adam have been greater ! We can conceive how the population might have been multiplied in their numbers ; but right there, at that point, the Divine pronounced his condemnation of the monstrous crime by giving to Adam *one* wife.

When you are once engaged, if you respect that covenant, all others are abandoned ; and when married you become the property of another. There is a mutual surrendering of rights which existed before marriage for the one absolute and supreme love of each other. You may not receive the gifts and attentions of others, as before your marriage ; you may not entertain them, and give them your smile and society, as before ; you are not your own, to be used now as you please ; you have consecrated yourself in the most solemn manner to be the affectionate, tender, loving, dutiful wife of another ; and if you are worthy of that sacred name of *wife*, that husband will have all your love, entire and undivided. The infamy of too many modern marriages is that parties marry for unholy purposes, and feel at liberty to annul the compact when fancy or caprice may desire.

The true wife feels herself married to her husband, for "better or for worse," until death parts them ; and to this thought, and feeling, and the duties springing

therefrom, she devotes her life with the entirety of her affection and being, allowing nothing to come between them or take precedence, except only God and His claims, which should always have priority.

Marriage is invariably a voluntary contract, entered into by the contracting parties of their own free will and accord. This is the rule. A woman *chooses* her own husband,—an awful prerogative with which a beneficent and wise Creator has intrusted you, — and how any woman can venture to exercise it without the utmost deliberation, caution, and earnest prayer, involving, as it does, *so much* of happiness or misery, is to me inexplicable ! So of this spiritual marriage. It is free : you act according to your own volition. The good and the bad, the right and the wrong, God and Satan, are the two suitors constantly presenting their claims to every soul. Both cannot be rejected while you resolve to abide in spiritual celibacy. One or the other you *must* choose and you *do* choose.

In the case of those I now particularly address, you have chosen Christ as your husband, *and, if Christian*, the Holy Ghost has celebrated the nuptials ; “ For as a young man marrieth a virgin, so shall thy sons marry thee : and as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee.” Isa. 62 : 5. Because of this relationship, St. Paul says, “ Wherefore, my brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ ; that ye should be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead,

that we should bring forth fruit unto God." Rom. 7:4; and so, also, in 2 Cor. 8:5: "And this they did, not as we hoped, but first *gave their own selves to the Lord*, and unto us by the will of God."

Here we see conversion is a marriage, voluntarily entered into, by which a human soul is united to the Almighty God; and all the claims that rest upon the material wife to be faithful to her earthly husband, rest upon this spiritual wife to be true to her spiritual husband, God. You are His, in the entirety of your love, ability, and influence, against all other claimants whomsoever; and she who can sport with another, or will suffer paramours to divide her love, or share her smiles and attentions, who will commit spiritual fornication "with the world, the flesh, and the Devil," is doomed by an irreversible decree of divorce that shall consign her to eternal pollution with her spiritual partners in crime. Be true to this Divine husband, and He will be true to you, adding to your joy each day, and rendering you increasingly illustrious because of the noble alliance.

II. *The true wife will study to please her husband.*

It is not harmful, under certain restrictions, for a married woman to make herself agreeable to others and to please others "for their good to edification;" but she will study *first* to please her husband. This is the very essence of love: to *gratify* the object of that love. And here, as in other things, we find the words of the Master true: "It is more blessed to give than

to receive ;” for in giving pleasure to those we love, we increase our own pleasure, because we are happy in seeing them happy.

This story is told of an English lady who visited the seraglio of the Sultan, at Constantinople. At a certain hour, the ladies of the seraglio, wives of the Sultan, retired, and appeared again in full, rich costume. The English lady expressed surprise, and asked, “Do you expect company?” “No.” “Then why do you dress?” “For our husband, the Sultan: for whom do English ladies dress?” If ladies dressed to please their husbands, instead of somebody else, there would be more happy homes, and fewer divorces to disgrace children and curse society. The true wife will study the comfort, tastes, desires, and pleasures of her husband, and seek to gratify them as far as possible without violating her consciousness of duty or her compact with God. She will do her utmost to please her husband except sin.

So the sincere Christian will study to know the will of God as her husband, and will cheerfully do it, at any cost, for the sake of pleasing Him. The soul married to God will feel

“’Tis worse than death my God to love,  
And not my God alone.”

The study of the Christian is “how he may please the Lord.” 1 Cor. 7 : 32. He will not be conformed to this world ; but, “having been transformed” by this

new relationship, he seeks to do the "acceptable and perfect will of God," that in *all* things he may show the sincerity and strength of his love for God, to whom he was voluntarily affianced. This same thought is enforced by Paul in his injunction to the church in Thessalonica, when he says, "Furthermore then we beseech you, brethren, and exhort you by the Lord Jesus, that as ye have received of us how ye ought to walk and to *please God*, so ye would abound more and more." 1 Thess. 4 : 1.

In this desire to please the husband only, the truly sanctified heart will say, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none on earth that I desire beside Thee."

Young women, as Christians, whom are you striving to please? Do you consort with the world, courting its smiles and seeking its caresses? conforming to its maxims or seeking to please its votaries? Lovingly do I warn you, that in dress, spirit, conduct, action, association, employment, you study to please Christ, your loving husband, else you may forfeit His smile, and lose His favor, "which is better than life."

III. *The true wife is interested in her husband's success.*

To him she gives her time, thought, means, and influence. Their interests are so essentially one that every reverse afflicts her as well as him ; every success cheers and gladdens her, as well as him. In order to aid him in his legitimate business enterprises, and



secure a mutually gratifying success, she will manage her household with the utmost prudence and diligence ; will carefully guard its expenditures and vigilantly supervise its management. Some husbands are always poor ; for their shiftless wives can sweep more out of the back-door than they can carry in at the front. And with their extravagant slovenliness can destroy more dry goods than a man in moderate circumstances can afford to buy. A woman to aid her husband need not be *stingy*, but *prudent* ; not refuse to give, but distribute with a wise discrimination as to claimant and amount. Of all things abhorrently offensive to my soul, a *stingy woman* is the most pitiable. Made in God's image, and dependent upon the Christian religion for her true liberty, exaltation, and honor, to find her without liberality and large heartedness toward Christ and His cause argues a baseness or wickedness that I dare not trust myself to describe. The true wife while using her husband's property, — or, if you please, their joint property, — will use it for right purposes and good ends, not for mere ornamentation in the home or on her person ; not in gilded gewgaws to hang from ear, or neck, or wrist, as bells, to perpetually herald her folly, her weakness, and extravagance ; but in buying food for the hungry, clothing for the naked, medicines for the worthy sick, and by contributing to the cause of Christ for the speedy salvation of the world. If the husband, prompted by generous and trusting love, shall commit

to your care a liberal amount of funds, hold some of them in reserve for that day — so liable to come, yet so often unprepared for — when the lean years of *want* shall devour the full years of *plenty*. Thus one husband dealt with his trusted and appreciative wife. After some years of prosperity, came reverse after reverse, until he seemed inextricably involved. Returning to his home in the evening after a day of most wearing care and annoyance, he sat down to his tea, utterly exhausted in body and crushed in spirit; his food was untasted. When his wife asked the cause of his sadness, he exclaimed, "I'm ruined! Unless I can get help by twelve to-morrow, I must lose all!" "How much is needed?" she asked. He answered "Twenty-five hundred dollars; and I have turned every stone to-day, and appealed to every friend, but without avail." He was overcome, and could say no more. Without uttering a word, his dear wife went to her room, and returning carried in her hand a little book that she placed lovingly in his hand, tenderly saying, "There, darling, see if that won't help you!" He found it was a bank book kept by his wife, showing that the prudent little woman had deposited to her husband's credit over *three thousand dollars* out of the pin-money he had lavishly given her in the sunny days of his prosperity! Did he love her less? Was she less happy because of her prudence, and her ability to now relieve him from his embarrassments? Need I say there were more tears shed at the tea table than

evening? but they were tears of joy and gladness, springing from a grateful heart, such only as a truly loving husband can cherish for the thoughtful and affectionate wife to whose wisdom and prudence he is so consciously indebted for his happiness and success in life.

So the true Christian woman will be deeply anxious for the success of Christ's cause in the earth. It will be her absorbing care and study, "How can I succeed the interests of my dear husband? How contribute to the enlargement of His possessions? How extend His influence? How add new territory to His domain? How can I be more fruitful, in bringing more sons and daughters unto God?" The fruitage of this holy wedlock will be a strong desire to "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being *fruitful in every good work.*" Col. 1:10. When there is no more chance for fruitfulness, this loving spouse will weep, like the historic Alexander, because there are no more worlds to conquer, not for *self*, but for Christ, her husband! In her single-eyed devotion to this husband, and the impulse of her passionate love for Him, she leaves friends and traverses continents and seas, penetrating to every nook and corner of this earth where humanity is found; wherever, by the Divine lapidary, souls can be cut and burnished into jewels of value and beauty for Christ's adorning. Her musings by day and dreams by night, her sacrifice and frugality, is the utterance of the one controlling

feeling of her heart, "Where can I *work* and *give* to best succeed my husband's wishes and enhance his pleasure?" Is your soul thus held in a monopoly of devotion in *giving* and *doing* for this gracious husband? Thrice blessed of women are you who are thus devoted to this husband's success!

IV. *The poor girl in marrying a rich husband is freed from care.*

Take the domestic, hard worked sewing-girl, the poor, tired shop-girl, or the weary one who stands behind the counter all day, getting an insufficient income to meet the demands of the most rigid economy, constantly struggling and worrying over her inability to meet her *real* wants, and how great the change to marry a loving husband, possessed of ample means, from whose liberality she can readily supply all her wants. Life is no longer a battle to keep off hunger and rags. No more is the mind taxed with the difficult problem of how to make *one* dollar do the work of *ten*! In her new relation she finds abundance in every department. She is constantly surprised by unexpected gifts, many and costly, from her dear husband, until she finds nothing more for mind to desire or heart to wish.

I heard of one young woman, whose father died the owner of two millions and a half of dollars. One million he gave to her outright; the million and a half he invested for her. Still she feared poverty. She had a maiden aunt die in another city, who left a

legacy of fifty thousand for charitable purposes in her native city. But this girl undertook to break the will, and recover the fifty thousand dollars, under the plea that her aunt would have willed it to her had she not been unduly influenced. The riches of Cræsus or wealth of the Golcondas would utterly fail to supply the wants of such an insatiable meanness !

Christian woman ! do you remember how poor you were when the Lord Jesus stooped to offer you His hand ? Have you forgotten how you starved for bread, thirsted even for water, and with what rags you sought to cover your nakedness ? And when, at last, the nuptials were celebrated, and you were fully and wholly His, what an abundance and to spare you have had since then ! How rich is my condition since I became the bride of Christ ! How ample, varied and choice my food ! How elaborate and costly my apparel ! How utterly without corroding care my life ! How blessedly Jesus frees His people from harrassing wants and inordinate cares. He manages all our interests, cares for all our wants, supplies all our needs, covers us with the costly robe of Righteousness, purchased with His own blood, and bids us cast all our care upon Him, assuring us he careth for us. 1 Peter 5 : 7.

V. *The true wife will look up to and honor her husband.*

The woman who is married, and actuated by the love of a true wife, will find her highest honor in that

of her husband ; and his glory will be her covering. Should she possess ability, and be superior to her husband, she puts that ability and power into him, that by it he may be helped to honor and place.

I know a man who is credited with being very able and brilliant, — now a professor in a prominent college, — whose lectures and sermons are carefully supervised by his wife. This is to her honor. She does not wish to take the place of her husband, nor to secure a prominence for herself at the expense of retiring him ; but, working with her silent power and influence upon and through him, seeks to lift him into the foreground, while she shall be only seen like the ivy clinging to the rugged oak. A true wife will condone and extenuate the failings of her husband ; will extol his virtues ; will aid his strength and supplement his weakness ; will honor him at all times, in all places, and before all persons.

When Mr. Disraeli retired from his first premiership, he was offered a place among the hereditary aristocracy, with the title of earl. He declined it, with the intimation that if there was any reward thought to be deserved, he wished it conferred upon his wife, to whom he attributed all his success. On the day he retired from power, his wife took her place among the noble ladies of England by the title of Vicountess Beaconsfield. Once, in a crisis of his career, he was to explain his financial scheme to the House. He entered his carriage, absorbed in his theme, his wife

quietly taking a seat beside him. In getting in, her finger was caught by the door, which, shutting upon it, held it so fast that she could not withdraw it. Fearful of driving figures and arguments from his head, she uttered no cry nor made any movement until they reached the House; nor did Disraeli hear of it till long after. All that evening this noble woman and faithful wife sat in the gallery, that her husband's quick eye might not miss her from it, bearing her pain like a martyr and like a true woman who loves.

\* So the soul devoted to Christ will extol His virtues, and sing of His glories, and talk of His love, until all observers shall cry out, "Behold, what love!" She will declare, "My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand." "His mouth is most sweet: yea, He is altogether lovely." Sol. Songs, 5: 10 — 16. She cries, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon the earth I desire beside Thee." She will sing, "O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness to the children of men;" "O taste and see that God is good"!

Do *you* thus extol your Divine husband? Do *you* thus strive to please Him? Are you happy only as His cause succeeds, and depressed and sad when reverses overtake it? Do you live and labor to exalt Him, rather than yourself? Is your purest joy found in His presence, and your profoundest pleasure in communing with Him?

Near the coast of England is a reef of rocks on

which stands a light-house. One very dark night there was a terrible storm, and by signals the keeper was made aware of the fact that a ship, with many passengers on board, had struck the reef. The storm was furious, while the waters were lashed into frenzy. There happened to be no one with him that night but his daughter, a young girl eighteen years of age. She volunteered to help him, saying, "Father, if you'll try, I'll go with you." The life-boat was launched. She took her seat, and pulled the oar opposite her father. They reached the wreck, and safely brought off nine souls. Noble girl! her heroism was told throughout the kingdom. England has her Grace Darling, and America her Ida Lewis; now let Christ have in you a devotion and courage the equal of these in rescuing the shipwrecked sisters around you! To the rescue, O woman!





## THE WOMAN'S DOWER.

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“And the same man had four daughters, virgins, which did prophesy.” ACTS 21 : 9.

WE have here a glimpse of an interesting family ; and we can but wish we could know more of the father and his four girls. Then, too, we should like to know something of the mother ; for the inference is natural, and the proof strong, that where the children are deeply pious there was a pious mother before them, to whose influence, guidance, and prayers they were largely indebted for their Christian character. It is very probable that the father of these girls was Philip the Deacon, and that he and Philip the Evangelist are one and the same person. If so, then it is probably twenty-five years since we heard of this good man before ; and then he was in the midst of a great revival in Samaria, from which he was called by the Spirit to go to the south of Jerusalem, on the Gaza road, for the enlightenment and salvation of the Ethiopian eunuch. After this event, and the persecutions at Jerusalem, he most probably removed to Cæsarea, the seaport of Jerusalem, from which city it was distant some sixty-eight miles. Here, in the Cæsarea,

that is rendered famous in New-Testament history, the great apostle to the Gentiles and the great evangelist met. No doubt each had heard of the other, and this opportunity to enjoy each other's society would be mutually agreeable.

Interesting and profitable as it would be to study the history of these two great men, and the occasion of this meeting, we must leave them to look at an equally important question : viz., the Christian woman's dower.

Dower, according to Webster, is a gift, or fortune ; that with which one is gifted or endowed. It may be property, poetry, song, music, art or goodness, or several of these combined. The question before us is, "With what does Christianity endow woman? What are her privileges and prerogatives as the spouse of Christ?" At the outset I find two claimants, with neither of whom I fully agree.

I. *Those who deny to woman any participation in the public service of the church.*

They are good people, pious and intelligent, devoted to the cause of God, and contributing in many ways to its success in the earth. They are deliberate in their judgment that the women should be silent in the churches, predicating their belief upon two passages in the Word of God : viz., 1 Cor. 14 : 34, and 1 Tim. 2 : 11 — 12. The first reads thus : "Let your women keep silence in the churches : for it is not permitted unto them to speak ; but they are commanded to be under obedience as also saith the law."

The second, "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence." It seems to me, if Paul, in these passages, means to be understood as entering his protest against women taking any part in the public services of the church, it will be very difficult to harmonize or explain his teaching in 1 Cor. 11:4—5, where he says, "Every man praying or prophesying, having his head covered, dishonourereth his head. But every woman that prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered, dishonoreth her head: for that is even all one as if she were shaven." Now, if Paul forbids women taking any part in public service, why should he forbid them to pray "with the head uncovered"? Is this not tantamount to allowing the service, when he tells them how it shall be done? To prescribe the manner in which a service is to be done is certainly equivalent to ordering the performance of that service. We are not commanded to go into our closets to pray; but when we go there we are instructed what to do, and because of this instruction we all recognize the imperativeness of the duty. I cannot now pause to discuss this point more fully.

II. *I cannot agree with those who claim for her all the rights of her brother.*

I know the preponderance of women in the church and in the State. I know, too, the ability of woman for good or evil; that, good, she can do *more* than

man, or, if bad, she is immensely more destructive in her influence than her brother. I am not ignorant of the power of her sympathy and love, and I therefore want her actively at work in God's cause. I cannot think, however, that this activity demands license to preach, or ordination ; for

1. *Christ called no woman to the apostleship.*

This could not have been an oversight on the part of the Saviour. To His mind, this question, with many others, was without doubt present. He could but know it would come up, and would be discussed. By one act or word He could have settled it forever : that act was not performed, that word was not spoken ; therefore He did settle it by His definite and positive negation, in that He neither called a woman with the twelve nor gave the apostles authority to do so.

2. *He sent no woman with the seventy.*

This fact is an equally significant one. It is no doubt true that Israelitish women did, at times, perform an inspirational service, as Deborah and others, and therefore there could be no objection on the ground of prejudice against calling and sending the sisters with these brethren. Yet we find not the name of a single female among the names mentioned. I insist this could not have been an oversight. It must have been intentional ; and by His own acts the Master gives His warrant against the licensing and ordaining of women to the office and work of the ministry.

### 3. *The apostles ordained no women.*

How are we to account for this omission, except that they believed they were acting conformably to the mind of the Saviour? There was a greater demand for the services of women in the ministry then than now, since we are assured that hundreds of men stand ready for the work, who profess to have had the Divine call, and yet there is no field for them to till! If ever the argument in favor of licensing women had any force, it has none now, if it be true, as affirmed by those who ought to know whereof they speak, that the work is so fully supplied that hundreds of willing reapers stand ready to pick up the sickle from the relaxed grasp of the dying toiler. Thousands of young men are knocking at the doors of the recruiting stations, begging admission into the ranks of the army that is in the field of combat, and yet they are kept out with the assurance, "The army is full, and there is no room for you!" Abundance of room in the *ranks*, and among the *miners* and *sappers*, the frontier corps, the outlying force in the trenches, and vidette *posts* on the enemy's lines; but to be there means short rations, hard work, constant conflict, difficulty of promotion in the earthly ranks, because of its great distance from headquarters. It means, too, great faith, courage, self-denial, peace, joy, victory, the taking many prisoners for Christ, an abundant entrance, and glorious coronation, amid the acclaim of angels in the by-and-by! If there is no room for the men,

and the strong, stalwart sons of the church, who are graduated at the schools of the prophets, can find no employment, let us stop this foolish clamor about licensing women to preach, until God in His providence shall give full employment to the men, and open more fields than we can find men to cultivate; or until some one shall get a new revelation that men shall stay at the plow, anvil, loom, and in the house, while the women shall do the work of the ministry.

III. *But did not women prophesy?*

They certainly did, and I trust always will, in that same sense and manner, sanctioned by the Scriptures.

The primary meaning of the word "Prophecy," both in the Old and New Testament Scriptures, is to foretell future events; hence to reveal *new things*. This is its highest and first meaning. Its secondary use is to speak to comfort and edification in the church, as is clearly taught by Paul, in first Corinthians fourteenth chapter, from the third to the fifth verses.

"But he that prophesieth, speaketh unto men *to* edification, and exhortation, and comfort. He that speaketh in an *unknown* tongue edifieth himself; but he that prophesieth edifieth the church. I would that ye all spake with tongues, but rather that ye prophesied: for greater *is* he that prophesieth than he that speaketh with tongues, except he interpret, that the church may receive edifying."

When we read of woman's prophesying, it is invariably as a *special* spiritual communication, and not as

a *stated* service. To me it seems remarkable that if it was intended for women to take *the same* part in public church services that the men do, that the prophetic women of the Old Testament were of the same rank and order as their brothers, the Prophets, that their names and prophecies were not recorded among the major or minor prophets, and not in obscure places and in brief detached utterances, as we find them. Surely, this cannot be a mistake! God must have meant to teach something by it! What? That woman's call is for marriage and maternity; her duty with home and its demands. Public service, as demanded by these irrepressibles, interferes with and unfits woman for these first and holiest duties which a beneficent Creator has entailed upon her. God implanted the desire for wifedom and motherhood in the female heart; and its eradication is only possible by the most monstrous educational perversion of head and heart. That mental and moral training that will educate the mind and heart away from her womanly instincts and deeply implanted desires, that will stimulate to a disobedience of the wise commands of the loving Heavenly Father, rather than a sweet compliance with them, is both false and vicious, and should receive a prompt and universal rebuke. If God calls women to preach, then must He negative and nullify His own commands. Either she must not marry, or she must not preach; for the duty implied in the former will clearly unfit her for the latter.

IV. *What, then, you ask, is her dower?*

I am glad to have the privilege of answering this question; for I am sure we shall find a common ground of amity, where we may all stand, and on which we may all shake hands. I yield to no one in my respect for woman's ability, and in my earnestness to have all her powers and influence fully consecrated in holy activities for Christ and His kingdom. There is much she can do as well as man, some things better than man, and some things that, possibly, he cannot do at all. No woman need be idle, wasting her time in insignificant trifles, or squander her hours in unwomanly quietness, or pine for larger fields in which to toil, or a more conspicuous place among the busy workmen. She is at the fountain-head of all power; the source of irradiating influence is in her home and with her children. Among the mightiest, if not *the* mightiest force in the social world is the tear or smile of a child. Dr. John Hall once commenced an address before a convention of Sunday-school workers by saying, "I begin, where all power begins, with the child."

Not in the pulpit, not in the forum, the medical profession, on the stage, in concert; or in legislative halls are you to look for your field of most ennobling and exalting labor; but in your own home, by your own fireside, surrounded by the infantile immortality that a beneficent God has intrusted to your care, can you find occasion and employment for all the genius you



may possess, and as great a responsibility as a rational being will be willing to assume.

What, then, is her dower? I answer :

1. *God-likeness at home.*

To understand the Divine will respecting yourself and those committed to your care ; to do the duties lovingly, patiently and faithfully that He has imposed upon you ; to do them with meekness and humility ; is indeed a most exalted service. Such should be the purity of your character, the holiness of your heart and life, and the divinity of your conduct, that husband and children, returning home at night, after a day's contact with the defiling and the sinful, should at once be lifted into a realm of purity and spiritual power. By your touch and *word*, spirit and influence, they should be purged from all contaminations of foulness, and be returned to life's duties the next day more impervious to its snares and its seductive wiles. Here I think we all agree with each other and with Paul, who bears this noble testimony to a pious woman whose acquaintance he enjoyed : "I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice ; and I am persuaded that in thee also." 2. Tim 1 : 5. And then his fatherly exhortation to Timothy, his son in the Gospel : "And that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." The Holy Ghost, through Paul, in-

structs young women thus : " I will therefore that the younger women marry, bear children, *guide the house*, give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully." Because of a faithful endeavor on the part of Eunice and Lois to do this, the church had a Timothy ; a godly Monica gave to Christianity an Augustine ; the piety of a Mrs. Doddridge made possible a Philip Doddridge ; and the motherly fidelity of Susannah Wesley gave to the world the immortal John Wesley.

2. *Outside of home are fields you may cultivate.*

As a *visitor of families* you are superior to man ; for you can have access to the homes of the people at all times and under all circumstances, obtaining interviews with persons and in places from which we men are rightly excluded. As *tract distributor* you can find abundant opportunity for all your time and ability, both natural and gracious. In *Bible reading* there is a legitimate call for your service. To enter the homes of the people, while the inmates, mothers, wives, and daughters, are engaged in their domestic duties, and read to them portions of the Word of God, without in the least hindering them in their work, is to my mind a most Divine occupation for a pious heart ! How would many a tired wife, toiling and disheartened mother, be encouraged and strengthened for their arduous labors, by a call from a godly woman on such a mission ; and how would her nerves and spirit be soothed, by the tender reading of the story of the

woman of Samaria ; the recovery of the Syrophenician's daughter ; the healing of the poor woman who had spent all her living for health, and yet found it not ; or the notorious sinner who stood behind Jesus in the house of the proud Pharisee, shedding her penitential tears in unuttered woe, and to whom the compassionate and loving Saviour spake the blessed words, " Thy sins are forgiven thee ! " Then in the Bible School as a *teacher*, or in the church as *conductor of a class* or *female prayer meeting*, you can do most effectual service. One duty of the prophet was to *teach* the doctrines of religion. Because of your quick-wittedness, your larger sympathies, your more intimate knowledge of the child nature, you are, perhaps, better fitted to teach the young than man. Your spirit is more tender, and your manner is usually more winning, so that, as a rule, you are more successful in this work than we are. Paul gives some good advice on this head, in Titus 2 : 3 — 5.

In Acts 18 : 24, we learn that the pious Priscilla joined her husband, and took the young and eloquent Apollos home with them to instruct him more fully in the Word of God. Then in *song, prayer and testimony* in the *great congregation* you have an opportunity for your utmost capabilities. Sing like Miriam and Deborah, pray like Hannah, witness for Him like Anna, and testify for the risen Christ like Mary and her coadjutors ! Work ? Bless you, fields all about you are white to the harvest ! With more song, prayer, and

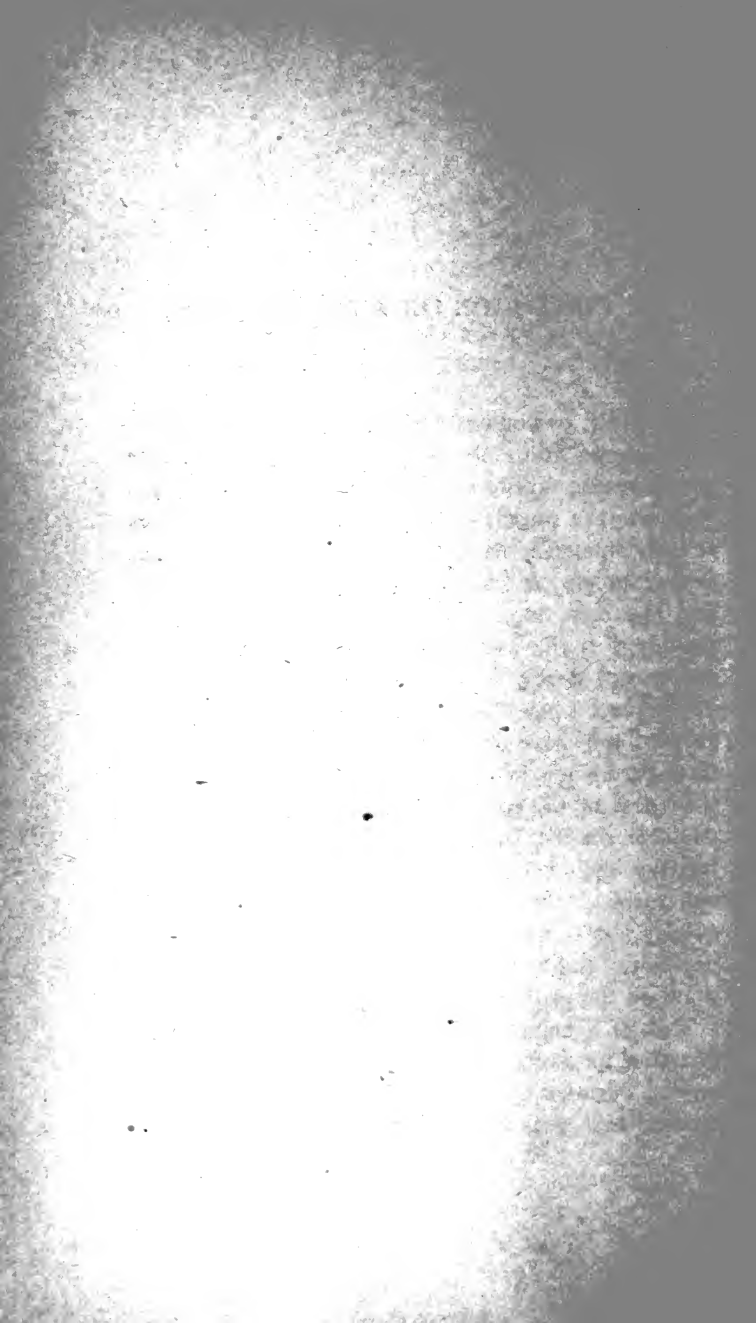
testimony in the fullness of the spirit, what awakenings there would be ! Faith would be triumphant, a spirit of conviction would seize the people ; earnest inquiries after the better way would be seen on all sides ; and penitential confessions would be heard at every service ! O Christian woman ! never was such a dower as yours. In the amplitude of the field, the diversity of its demands, the abundance of the resources, the efficiency of the means, the assurance of success, the certainty of the reward, and the immortal blessedness of the fruitage and the gleaning, it is unparalleled in its grandeur and glory, its inspiration and crowning ! Out ! out in God's name and for humanity's weal, ye Christian women, along these avenues of opened usefulness, to gather fruit for the eternal life and garner sheaves unto the eternal harvest !



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SPECIAL MISCELLANY.

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## MY FIRST RIDE ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

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**W**HAT a wonderful creation of beauty, grace and utility, the engine is ! Has genius ever given to the world anything more nearly human ? How like the muscle engine of the heart it is : how actually human ! It leaps, walks, runs, eats, drinks, sleeps, coughs, speaks, whistles, inhales and exhales, and like man, too, sometimes is on the track, and sometimes is off ; and when off, like him, too, scatters misery and death.

For years I have been an ardent lover of the locomotive, and have secretly desired to stand on her foot-board when in motion ; and at last, through the politeness of the conductor, and the kindness of the engineer, on the Dubuque and Sioux City Railroad, I had my long-cherished desire gratified. The station was reached, the conductor called me by name : I quickly followed forward to the engine. An introduction to the engineer, a spring from the ground, and I stood on the platform of the lordly locomotive.

Talk of a child strutting in his new boots for the first time, or a country boy or girl feasting their eyes on the beauties of the shop-window and feeling the indescribable sensations produced by the sights and

sounds of the new world around them ! nay : think of the bliss of lovers when for the first time lips meet in the mute expression of pure, fervent love, and tell the rapturous joy if you can ! Well, I have experienced all these kinds of joyous emotions and pleasurable delights ; but the sensation I felt when my foot first pressed the platform of that locomotive, was, if not superior, at least unlike them all. I was all eyes, ears and nerves. I knew enough not to ask many questions. I was too delighted to talk : I was in a happy dream, and a new world surrounded me. The pilot (for such I shall call the engineer), with pleasing sternness, pointed me to a seat on the right-hand side, where himself sits, or stands, to manage his wonderful steed. My look was forward, the direction of hope. My legs were well under me. In a moment a little bell struck over the pilot's head. (The conductor's cord runs from the rear car to this bell, and by means of this he puts himself in telegraphic communication with the pilot.) The echoes of the little bell had not yet died away when the fireman struck his bell that is suspended on the back of the iron horse. This was a signal for the start, a warning to clear the track. Gently did the pilot raise the lever, and then caressingly placing his hand on the throttle-valve, pulled carefully and I thought kindly. The fiery steed snorted, the wheels revolved, the ponderous mass moved and in a moment was instinct with life, and a thrill of delight went all over me. Moving? Yes,



moving. Faster and yet faster went the drivers, as again and again the pilot touched that mysterious little lever right over the door of the fire-chamber, saying, very kindly, "I guess I'll give her another notch or two." Then the fireman attracted my attention, as he began to pour coal into the fiery maw of this black craft. He fills his shovel, turns quartering toward the engine's mouth, pulls on a chain, and the black lips open. Now look down that red throat, into that fiery pit. Did you ever see anything like it? See those flames: how like serpents they curl, twist, entwine around each other, now shoot forward, now retire. Hear their terrible hissing. They spit a fiery venom at you; they blow in very hate; nay: they roar in terrible defiance. The fireman, though he has seen them many a time, and is familiar with their fearful choruses, yet even he seems to dread them; for as soon as the door opens, the well-filled shovel empties its contents in the midst of the voracious flames, and is immediately closed again. I felt a thrill of horror pass over me as I heard its terrible roaring and looked into its blue and whitened flames; but I soon turned my eyes before me, glad to be relieved from the terrific spectre beneath. The noble steed was getting well warmed to her work. On, on she flew. There, just before us, the road curves; my eyes look right into the hill. How shall we escape it? Will our maddened steed keep the course? Nearer yet we come to the point of danger. I hold my breath; I

am conscious the engine is rising on one side and sinking on the other ; gracefully she hugs the rail and swings the curve. I thank God, and breathe freely, for that peril is past. Now there is a long, straight course before us. Oh, how she flies, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but on, on, straight onward she speeds, as if goaded to madness or seeking to escape a pursuing Nemesis. I feel the panting of her beating side ; I catch the hot steam that comes from her dilated nostrils ; I think she must break down. Her bell is rung, another quarter-post is past : a whistle, and we leisurely stop at the next station. Her bell rings again, and we are off. Look forward at the drivers now : see how they move. Cast your eyes down, and look at what should be the end of the ties. They are ties no longer ; they are a line of white, never broken, only changed sometimes to a dark or black line, as they are clean or dirty, dry or wet. Away ahead of you there is a speck on the course. You wonder what it is. You look again and again. At last it moves. As you sweep onward, you see in it a human being. You feel like screaming to him, "Escape for your life !" Nearer still, when — blessed relief ! — he turns and looks, sees his danger, steps from the track, holds his hat with both hands, and we are far beyond him.

I have felt the excitement caused from the excessive use of whiskey, and I have heard of the power of opium to create in the mind an Elysian paradise

where imaginary delights feast the senses, and I know and have seen the effect of ether, as it thrilled the body and filled it with supernatural delight; but, reader, if you want a pure pleasure, an excitement that shall enrich your being and make you more and more respect yourself and your fellow-man, a sensation that will fill your mind, and by its memory feed your nerves with delight forever, then ride on a locomotive that is the propulsion, life and being of an express train.

How wonderful is that Being who has created us with power to produce machinery so complicated and useful ! Let us forever adore His wisdom and love !




## A TAKE-OFF ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

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“I grant I am but woman; but withal  
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;  
I grant I am a woman; but withal,  
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.  
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so fathered and so husbanded.”

—Shaks. *Julius Cæsar*.

UR WRONGS! what a volume in a word. Long, long years of oppression and wrong are hidden in the centuries of the past, behind those two words — *our wrongs*. We have suffered patiently, if *not always* uncomplainingly. Some noble, liberal-minded of the “sterner sex” have seen the wrongs under which we suffer and have pitied us, and under the influence of a generous impulse, tendered us their *sympathy*. Men, in our silence, have read *submission*, and in our patience, *contentment*. It was the last pound that broke the camel's back, and so added wrong will sooner or later be resisted by us. The Druse rose to smite the Ottoman tyrant; the Sepoy fought his filching mistress; Poland and Hungary have struggled to the death for their rights; America, in defense of freedom and jus-

tice pledged her sacred honor, and her life, on the arbitrament of the sword; and the insulted, brow-beaten, cursed and oft-defied North, rose in her might, and smote the usurping and insulting South.

We have suffered long, hoping and praying that the time would come when our rights would be acknowledged and conceded without the thunder of strife. But our waiting is vain, and now we are waking up from our long sleep of submission, and are shaking off the nightmare of an unwomanly superstition. Ay! "the lords" are seeing that at last we are in earnest; and fearing the grand uprising of a long oppressed and down-trodden sex, are talking compromise. We want no compromise, only our rights, our whole rights, and nothing but our rights. And these we will have—peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must. In the language of the immortal Declaration, we say, "When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for our sex to divide the social bonds which have bound us with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle us, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that we should declare the causes that impel us to the separation. The history of man's treatment of woman, is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of a continued and more absolute tyranny over her. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

“He has denied us the control of the purse, thus depriving us of a most cherished privilege and making our expenditures entirely subject to his will. He has denied us the right of publicly discussing the political questions of the day. He has denied our right to hold office, even the more simple ones,—such as justice of the peace, borough mayor, councilman, supervisor or policeman,—thus depriving us of honors equally due us. He has refused us the use of the ballot-box,—the greatest dread of tyrants and the most sacred right of a free people; and one, in the use of which, alone, can our liberty be guarded and preserved. He has taxed us without representation. He enacts laws to govern us, in the framing of which our voice and rights are not heard or regarded. He has decided we ought not to wear boots, pants, coats, hats, whiskers nor mustache, thus depriving us of the liberty of dressing as we please, a right only exercised by tyrants. He will not allow us to smoke, drink and swear without being constantly subjected to his derision and insults. He will not allow us to split the wood, carry in the coal, shovel the snow from the side-walks, nor perform the heavy labor of the house, thus denying to us that bodily exercise that gives firmness to the muscles, color to the cheek, and strength to the frame.

“In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injuries. Be it so, since they will have it. The road

to happiness and to glory is open to us too. We will tread it apart from them, and hold them, as we hold others, enemies in war ; in peace, friends."

In view of these wrongs, the wonder is, not that we rise in defense of our rights, but that we have submitted to these wrongs so long. Shame, shame on the man who with this declaration before him would unite with his fellows to perpetuate these wrongs ! Cold, indeed, must be the love of that son for his mother who will not move to defend her dearest interests. Faint must be the affection of that brother who can be content to see his sister's rights crushed and bleeding at the feet of a tyrant husband ; but what shall I say of those women, who, in this sublime struggle of the sex to elevate themselves to influence, respectability and power, will yawningly sit in stupid indifference, and with criminal complacency play with the chain that binds them, and refuse to strike down the tyrannical custom that enchains them. Ye women of America, awake, arise, or be forever fallen ! Strike now, strike strong, for your rights, and freedom from the bonds of a degraded servitude !

For my rights, I have taken the pen, and, if need be, will take the sword. I am resolutely determined to never give up the struggle until a complete independence is achieved, our rights acknowledged and respected, and we stand before the law the compeer of man. There are thousands of my sex who feel as I do on this question ; but heretofore our strength

has been frittered away for want of union, of concentration of purpose, of combination in plan and action. In union only is there strength. If we are united we succeed ; if divided we fail ; and our failure will be the signal for a new onslaught by our bearded foes. Let us move cautiously (for no doubt we are watched) ; but let us move determinedly, and success must crown our efforts. I suggest that the sisters call a meeting quietly, and organize a society something after the order of " Know-Nothings," or " Fenians," and in these meetings form our plans until such times as we are assured a grand public effort will bring victory. Let these meetings be held in every neighborhood and family where there are two or more women ; and that we may know each other as friends of this movement, I give the following lines to learn, and either quote or sing them when in company, that by these we may hail each other as sisters in this glorious cause :

" O wretched woman ! O defenceless sex !  
Of the whole animated race most helpless.  
We purchase slavery with wealth and honors,  
And when we take a husband buy a tyrant ;  
A stern, domestic foe, morose, unjust ;  
Bound by no law himself, and yet demanding  
A strict obedience from the frail and weak."

Let us be true to our rights, and soon we shall see these merciless men-masters of ours rocking the cradle, kneading the dough, scrubbing the floors, washing



the clothes, sweeping the house, and humbly asking us for a *little money* for the gratification of an innocent desire.

If true to ourselves, we shall soon transact the business of the street, visit the club-room, witness the boat-race, twirl the cigar, coming and going at our pleasure, with no stern master constantly demanding explanations of our conduct. The prospect of this delightful freedom should stimulate every woman-heart to deeds of heroism and blood.

Oh for a thousand Charlotte Cordays and ten thousand Joan of Arcs to strike for freedom, and lead us in this holy war ! Ye wives, sisters, mothers, snap the manacles that bind you ! Smite the tyrant that oppresses you ! Up, up as one mighty, irresistible phalanx, till ten thousand whiskered monsters shall welter in their blood, and a million of enslaved women be forever free !

But let us turn from these noisy chatterers, who weep over imaginary wrongs and clamor for imaginary rights, who, if they do not entirely neglect the high and holy duties of a true womanhood, do but imperfectly perform them, and listen to the fervid utterance of the tens of thousands of womanly women all over this broad land, who, happy in the position in which God has placed them, and in the work He has committed to their hands, are heroically and contentedly seeking to meet these high and sacred duties imposed upon them by the good Father above, as to be entirely

unconscious of any *un*-womanly or distressing servitude attaching to their persons, or the places they fill ; who, happy as birds, with sweet and cherry song, voice their conviction of woman's rights in these beautiful lines :

“ Our rights : what are they ?  
The right to labor and to pray,  
The right to watch while others sleep,  
The right o'er others' woes to weep,  
The right to succor in reverse,  
The right to bless while others curse,  
The right to love whom others scorn,  
The right to comfort all who mourn,  
The right to shed new joy on earth,  
The right to feel the soul's high worth,  
The right to lead the soul to God  
Along the path the Saviour trod, —  
The path of meekness and of love,  
The path of faith that leads above,  
The path of patience and of wrong,  
The path in which the weak grow strong.  
Such are our rights, — and God will bless  
And crown their champion with success.”

For *such* rights, let all good men and women work and pray !

## DANCING AND DANCERS.

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**I** HAVE been to dances in my younger days ; but I never danced, no, never, though I often tried, for my Quaker foot, with the tenacity of true broad-brim, would *not* dance : it paid no attention to either fiddle or fiddler. I could never scold it into submission. Dance it would not, and dance it has not. Perhaps it is because I could never make my foot dance that I can see neither beauty nor pleasure in seeing the feet of others swing in ungraceful movements to and fro, up and down, out and under. I have seen them swing in the quadrille and hug in the polka, squat in the schottische and leap in the horn-pipe, until, quite exhausted with the effort, they have frantically rushed to the windows gasping for air, and in it all, I am frank to confess, could see nothing to admire. In the ball-room I have seen funny things, ridiculous things, and things shockingly immodest, but never anything worth remembering that was either beautiful or *strikingly* moral. Now I confess I could not learn to dance, and soon quit trying, disgusted with myself and others.

At a ball once given in honor of the great advocate, Daniel Webster, he was seen standing at one end of

the brilliantly lighted hall, with sublime indifference to the dancing and the dancers, in deep conversation with a lady, when a fine young man, with each hair pasted to its fellow with oil, a wide path clean swept from the front of his cranium over the top to its base behind, conspicuous with odor from the contents of a broken perfume bottle, and his entire outfit the perfection of fashion, stepped to his side, and said, "Mr. Webster, do you never dance?" "No, sir," replied the great man quietly. "I never had the ability to learn." How I should have pitied that young man, had I been there to hear that answer. Think of it: Daniel Webster wanting ability to learn to dance! How in that word he gave his estimate of the dance and dancers!

I never could understand what ladies and gentlemen were trying to do when dancing, it seemed to me so absolutely aimless and senseless. The sailor's description of a dance to his shipmate is about as lucid as the dance itself, and not more so. Said Jack, "You first heave ahead, and pass your adversary's yard-arm, regain your berth on the other tack in the same order, take your station with your partner in line, back and fill, and then fall on your keel and bring up with your partner; she then manœuvres ahead or alongside of you; then make sail in company with her until nearly astern of the other line, make a stern board, cut her off to shift for herself, regain your place the best way you can, and let go your anchor."

Now, if, with all the nautical lexicons in the land, you can understand what Jack means by his description of a dance, why, dear reader, you know more than I do. To me Jack is quite unintelligible, but not more so than the movements of men and women in the giddy dance. Just look at them. There, elevated on a table, is a mustached gentleman, holding a piece of wood to his shoulder, and frantically drawing poor horse-hair over the dried viscera of a dead feline, shouting vociferously incoherent sounds, the meaning of which must be guessed at, while men and women are madly jumping up and down, scolding, laughing, shouting, coughing, wheezing, bowing, smiling, frowning, winking, blinking, pushing, pulling, sweating, rushing, thundering, rumbling, tramping and stamping, until the body is exhausted and the lungs cry out for air.

I have often wondered why people dance. Do you know, reader? There is nothing *intellectual* about it, or Mr. Webster could have learned; and I am sure it is notoriously true that those who are great ball-goers have usually "room to let" in the upper story. It is not a *healthy* exercise, as conducted in the modern ball-room, but is, on the contrary, the parent of disease and mother of death; neither does it tend to an increase of *morality*. It is true that some *moral* people do occasionally attend dances; but is it not true, as a rule, that those who dance most constantly are of questionable morals, to say the least? I wonder if

there is a lady or gentleman who would be willing to give an honest and full expression of the feelings, passions, emotions and thoughts excited during an evening spent in a ball-room? Will some one just give their "*private thoughts* while attending the dance"? Few would hazard it, I think. Dancing is not promotive of nor conducive to *piety*: indeed, I think pious people do not dance. True, some church-members are great ball-goers; but they are not burdened with a deep spirituality, nor suspected with having much Christ-likeness. Think of Jesus, Paul, Mary, Martha and John, in fashionable attire, exhausting themselves in the dissipations of the dance!

Do you wonder that the green-eyed monster, jealousy, fattens on the product of the dance? Witness men embracing other men's wives, while the plighted wife of another clasps lovingly with her arms the husband of some other woman; pure and virtuous sisters in the arms of some lecherous villain who is be-whiskered and ringed, with perfume, fashion, falsehood and sin; whose very breath is fatal to virtue; whose embrace is pollution and death; who, with mask aside, could show more girls ruined by his libidinous conduct than Sioux warrior scalps from his belt. I am not surprised that "masked balls" are becoming generally popular; for surely, many, methinks, would wish to screen themselves from the gaze of friends.

I have no language in which befittingly to describe my pity — to express it mildly — for those fathers and

mothers who will dance themselves or encourage so absolutely a useless and dangerous pastime in their children. Who can number the hopes blasted, the hearts broken, the consciences debauched, the lives ruined, the families beggared and dismembered, and the fortunes lost, chargeable to the dance in some one or more of its multifarious agencies? The Recording Angel alone can tell, and eternity only reveal, the ruin wrought by the dance !

True, all dancers are not thus ruined ; but is it not also true that most who are ruined *did* or *do* dance? Men *may* drink and not be ruined as drunkards ; but the terrible probability is they will. So a child may be taught to dance, and yet escape a wasted and useless life ; but the probability is it will not, unless arrested by a gracious Providence when the thought and life shall be turned to a nobler and diviner end. I most heartily sympathize with the poet who says :

“ What ! the girl I adore by another embraced?  
What ! the balm of her lips shall another man taste?  
What ! touched in the twirl by another man’s knee?  
What ! pant and recline on another than me?  
Sir, she is yours ! From the grape  
You have pressed the soft blue !  
From the rose you have shaken the tremulous dew !  
What you have touched, you may take ! ”

A servant-woman learning that her young mistress was famed for waltzing, went to the window of the ball-room to see her movements ; but on beholding

her in the arms of an exquisite dandy, she at once ran off, exclaiming, "Where is young master? A young gentleman is hugging young mistress all over the room!"

This has been the thought, if not the utterance, of tens of thousands of hearts who suffer all unnoticed and unknown. Worth and virtue have been murdered while the voluptuous dancer has been enshrined in many a heart that by right belonged to another. Of the *danseuse* we may say :

"Such a dancer!

"Where men have souls or bodies, she must answer."

The only reason I have ever heard assigned in favor of the dancing-school or the dance, was, that "It teaches one to be graceful in their movements and easy in their manners." I wonder why parents don't give arsenic to their children to drink, that they may have rosy cheeks? For it *will* give a fine glow to the cheek, though it often does bring death. Now, if this reason was not so constantly disproved by facts, it might be accepted as a valid one. The fact is, there are scores who have been to dancing-schools all their youthful days, and many of their maturer years have been given to dancing with a will, and yet they are without either ease or grace in their manners or movements; while, on the other hand, there are thousands who never saw the inside of a ball-room, nor shuffled



in the dance, whose every movement is as graceful as that of the wild gazelle.

Modesty is the twin-sister of grace, and consciousness of ability and rectitude of conduct the elder brother of ease. I have often wondered why people with capacity for social and intellectual enjoyments should go to dances. The answer is, the people demand it; but we should not forget that *vox populi* is as often *vox diaboli* as *vox Dei*. Dear reader, adopt these sentiments, as penned by a thoughtful young woman, and you will forever have good cause for gratitude to God. She says :

“1. Dancing would lead me into crowded rooms and late hours, which are injurious to health and usefulness.

“2. Dancing would lead me into very close contact with very promiscuous company; and ‘Evil communications corrupt good manners.’

“3. Dancing would require me to use and permit freedom with the other sex, of which I should be heartily ashamed, and which I believe to be wrong.

“4. My parents and dearest friends would be anxious about me if I were out late, keeping company with they knew not whom.

“5. Ministers and good people in general disapprove of dancing; and I think it is not safe to set myself against them. If a thing be only doubtful, I wish to be on the safe side.

“6. Dancing has a bad name; and I mean to study things that are pure and lovely and of good report.

"7. Dancing is generally accompanied with drinking ; and I know that drinking produces much evil.

"8. I am told that dancing is a great temptation and snare to young men ; and I do not wish to have anything to do with leading them astray.

"9. Dancing unfits the mind for serious reflection and prayer ; and I mean to do nothing that will estrange me from my God and Saviour.

"10. There are plenty of graceful exercises and cheerful amusements which have none of the objections connected with them that lie against dancing : these I can enjoy and be happy."

I feel quite sure that even those who are wholly or partially corrupted by the dance will admit that is a rational view of the question, finely and truthfully expressed.



## THE HISTORY OF A PIECE OF CALICO.

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**T**HERE is not one of ten thousand ladies who wear calico who have any idea of the process of making it, and I want them to follow me in a walk through the works, watch the process, and, learning how much it takes to make a yard of the really beautiful fabric, never more complain at paying from six to twelve and a half cents a yard for it.

We begin with the Gray Room, into which the raw cloth is brought in bales containing forty pieces, each piece measuring forty-five yards. These bales are now opened, and about twenty pieces are sewed together on a sewing-machine, then run through a "shearing-machine," which cuts off all long, loose threads and the coarser lint, thence passed by machinery into the "singe room," where it is made to go over two convexed plates of iron, heated red hot, that takes off all the fuzz, and leaves the cloth perfectly smooth. It is then rolled on immense rollers holding eighteen hundred yards each. These "grays" are now used on the print machines, to protect the blankets and the bleached goods that are being printed, from getting soiled. When done with here, they are taken by

machinery again into the Bleach Room, and are put into a "kier" filled with lime liquor, then washed in clean water, thence into a "vat" containing diluted muriatic acid, then washed again, thence into another "kier" containing soda-ash and resin boiled together, then washed, and returned into a liquor called "chemic," composed of chloride of lime, then washed again, and passed through a liquor of sulphuric acid and water, then washed again.

The "kier" is a large tub of wrought iron, holding four thousand five hundred yards. In each "kier" the goods remain boiling eleven hours. They are now ready for the Dry Room.

From their last washing, they come into this room a wetted rope. They are drawn through a number of potted holes and over a series of rollers into an "opener;" this is a wood cylinder, around which run brass wires about the thickness of bed-cord. These wires start from the center and run spirally from right to left, thus opening the cloth to its ordinary width. It passes over four "openers," and falls into a truck holding four thousand five hundred yards, in which it is carried to the "drier." This is composed of eleven rollers, ten feet long, with a diameter of forty inches. This length carries three widths of goods. Six of these rollers, or cylinders, are below and five above, playing in the cavities of those below. They are all heated with steam, carrying about eight pounds to the square inch, or boiling heat. The cloth passes entirely

around each cylinder, requiring just forty seconds to put through a piece of forty-five yards. Though passing in dripping wet, the goods come out entirely dry and smooth. From here it is "trucked" into the White Room, where the goods are tied up in immense bundles, and packed until wanted for printing, when it is dropped through a hatch to the floor below, and is sewed together again in lengths of fifty pieces, or two thousand two hundred yards, and then is rolled on wooden rollers and is ready for the printing machine. Before describing this, however, we must go into the color department, which also is called the "liquor shop," because it is here that the mordants or liquors are prepared. This is the liquid of which the colors are made. Here are three iron kettles, of fifty, one hundred, and three hundred gallons each, set in brick over a fire-chamber for heating. The temperature required is about two hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit. The red mordant and the acetate of iron are the principal liquors used. From here the liquor goes into the "Color Room." Here are twelve copper kettles set in brick also. These kettles have false bottoms to allow an under passage for the steam by which the colors are cooked. In each kettle is an "agitator" kept constantly going to keep the coloring matter soluble, and prevent its drying. An average of one and a half pounds of flour is used to every gallon of liquor, and this, when properly cooked, makes a paste the consistency of thick cream, and is ready for the

printer. For gum colors, the average is about three pounds of gum per gallon of liquor, and no flour.

The Drug Room is the storage for the drugs and material used in mixing. The standard colors are blacks, blue, browns and artificial reds. To compose these, and the numberless shades of deep and delicate colors found in prints, we have these ingredients: viz., aniline of saltz, aniline of paste, Persian berries, starch, flour, gambier, pigments of all shades, artificial alizerine, indigo, copperas, muriate of ammonia, gum gadda, alum, sulphate of copper, bi-chromate of potash and brown sugar of lead, all of which is sweetened with sugar and poisoned with arsenic.

We are now ready for the Print Room, where is required the greatest care and skill. Here are the machines on which the printing is done. Here we see the copper "shells" on which the figure is engraved that is to be printed, and under each shell is the "color box," containing the color wanted. There are as many "shells" and "color boxes" as there are colors wanted in the piece, each box furnishing a different color to every shell. In each color box is kept constantly turning a "furnisher," feeding the "shells" with the coloring matter in the boxes. Each shell is provided with two "doctors,"—plain slabs of thin steel,—one in front and one behind, resting evenly and closely on the shell's surface. The rear one moves with a lateral motion from right to left, and removes the surplus coloring matter from it; while the

front one is stationary, and removes all lint or foreign excrescence from its surface. Much of the skill of the printer consists in filing the edges of these "doctors," adjusting them properly to the shell, and then the shell to the cloth. The speed of the printing is graduated according to the pattern.

From the print machine, by a continuous movement, the cloth passes over a roller into the "hot room," an immense brick oven, carrying a temperature of from one hundred and sixty to two hundred degrees of heat. Here are fourteen large rollers, which are suspended ; seven, twenty feet above the other seven. Each printer requires a "hot room" into which his printed goods pass immediately, with its soft color, where it is promptly dried to the cloth, and no fears of its being defaced through subsequent processes is felt. From the "hot room" it is passed by a series of rollers into the "pegging loft," where it is gathered into bundles, and by truck advanced to the "ageing box," in which are four hundred rollers, over two hundred of which every yard passes. This "ageing box" carries a great heat, but differs from the "hot room" in this ; that here steam is used instead of dry air, and here we oxidize the colors and make them permanent, while in the other we merely dried them. From here the prints are sent down over a roller and through a "schute" into a fly containing ox-manure ; and from here they are taken into the Dye Room. Here every particle of paste, gum, and stiffening of every kind is

thoroughly washed out by passing the cloth through two very large washing-machines, after which they are put into "dye tubs," where they remain about two hours, during which the colors are "dyed on," or "set," in the language of printers. Into this room the goods come almost colorless ; indeed, so dim and indistinct, that, to an unpracticed eye, they seem little better than the gray goods : but what seemed expressionless when it came in, goes out of this room with a decided expression of beauty and durability. No part of the work is more important than the dyeing, and in no place is judgment and practical skill more valuable than in the dye room.

We next find the print in the Chemic Room, where the goods are run through a wash made of chloride of lime colored with ultramarine blue. Here and by this process the clear and perfect white is brought out, leaving no traces of the coloring matter in the white ground of the goods. However well done the work may be, down to this point, it is all a failure unless they succeed in getting a clear, distinct white ground, which is the joy of the printer, the pride of the jobber and the delight of the "lassie." The goods are again passed through a vat and over a roller until it has passed through three vats, and over as many rollers. The first vat is filled with chemic, the second with bluing, the third with clear water. One of these vats is filled with steam. From here it is passed by rollers to the "starcher," where it is starched with the ordi-



nary starch to give it some body and smoothness of surface, it being, as you would readily imagine from all its handling and washing, in a very limp condition. It is starched wet as it comes out of the chemic room, but goes out of the starch directly over thirteen rollers, or sheet-iron cylinders, heated with steam, and comes out stiff and dry. It is then carried in bundles to the "sprinkler" near at hand. The sprinkling is done by a hair brush kept revolving in a trough of water, and performs its work much more perfectly than hand of woman or mouth of Chinaman. As it comes out of the "sprinkler," it is caught and wound on wood rollers containing from eight hundred to one thousand yards each. It is then quickly passed into the "callender," a huge smoother or ironer, heated with steam, having a perfectly smooth surface, and it irons the goods most handsomely. One man will operate a callender, and one callender will iron from fifty-four to fifty-eight thousand yards per day. Think of that, ye weary wives and mothers! Can't you beg husband or father to buy a callender, and with it a big dog to run it?

From here the cloth is wheeled by trucks into the Packing Room, sometimes called the "finishing room." Here the goods are taken out of the bundles into a "folder," a machine superintended by a woman and operated by the driving power of the works. This folder moves a large arm from front to rear, taking the cloth each way, carrying it just three feet (yard

lengths), and pushing the ends under a clamp, where they are securely held until the required number of yards making the marketable calico bolt is numbered, then its hold is unloosed and the pieces taken out. One machine, with a woman to tend it, will fold eighteen hundred yards a day. Each fold is then carefully handled by hand, and the entire bolt is put into merchantable shape. Each piece is now subjected to a thorough inspection, and classed as *first* and *second*. It is then ticketed, and marked with the number of yards contained in each piece; then fifty or a hundred of these pieces are put into a "press," where a hydraulic pressure of two thousand pounds to the square inch is brought to bear upon it for from half an hour to two hours or more, owing to the style and stiffness required. They are then inspected again, invoiced, boxed, and are ready for shipping.

The designer, as the word implies, is the man who originates designs. It requires a fertile imagination, large originality, and a fine sense of harmony in a unified diversity to make a good designer. A man must be a good draughtsman and painter to carefully trace the lines and modify the colors into a blending so perfect as not to offend the most fastidious. The design is made the exact size of the figure wanted on the cloth. By means of a powerful lens, the artist is able to ascertain the correctness of every line. When he has completed a design he reproduces it in a camera five times its original size on paper; then it is trans-

ferred to a metallic plate on which the figure is fully traced by hand, making small, delicate lines, and is ready then for the engraving room, in which are many processes curious and interesting. Here we find a number of copper rollers weighing when first purchased some one hundred and eighty pounds, and costing seventy or more dollars each. These rollers are used until they are reduced to fifty pounds. The "shell," as the roller is technically called, is varnished with a preparation that will resist nitric acid. After being varnished, the shell is put into a "pantograph" having thirty iron fingers, each with a diamond point, resting immediately over the shell. On the table of the pantograph lays the metallic design, enlarged, you remember, five times over the original. The sketcher now takes hold of a horizontal iron bar, through which perpendicularly there passes a steel tracer with a delicate point. The operator now moves the bar from right to left, forward or backward, as the case may be, following the coloring and lines on the zinc sketch. This bar, moved by the operator, moves the diamond-pointed fingers above, and they, resting on the shell, reproduce the design perfectly, reducing it five times, and thus giving it to us exactly in the size of the original. These fingers only cut the varnish on the shell. There are not always thirty fingers at work; sometimes only four or five, sometimes ten or twenty, according to the pattern. The shell traced is taken out and submerged in a nitric-acid bath, where it is

kept revolving from three to twelve minutes for "etching," according to the required distinctness of impression. Coming out of the bath, it is subjected to a careful scrutiny, and, if perfect, is set away ready for the printer. The shell, after being used, is put into a lathe and turned until the former figure is taken off, then smoothed with an exceedingly fine-grained stone imported from Scotland, and is then ready to be used again. Thus one shell usually serves for about two hundred impressions.


From the Gray Room to the Packing Room, we find the cloth travels not less than six miles, passes through fifty machines and processes, is handled by two hundred and eighty men, is sheared, singed, bleached, stamped, dyed, washed, dried, starched, ironed, folded and pressed, and yet wears for years! Thus this much-admired and universally worn fabric called "calico," so becoming youth in its blushing spring-time and old age in its sear, worn alike by mistress and servant, an adornment to womanhood in the kitchen or parlor, has a wonderful process before it is fitted for highest usefulness; but in all these processes there is no complaining on its part. And shall not we, dear reader, submit to God's fashionings for our perfection unmurmuringly? Let us look into the face of the Father of Mercies in the darkest hour and in moments of severest pain, and feel, "These make me perfect and the better fitted for His service." "And we know that all things work together for good

to them that love God ;” and though much in life seems mysterious and dark to us now, all will in the end appear bright, beautiful and perfect as the finished calico, if we shall be as obedient and pliant in the hand of the Divine Artisan as is the cotton cloth in the hand of the human workman : then on the other side, where will be the completed fabric, we shall be forever ravished with the delightful harmonies of His perfected work.



## OUT-DOOR PREACHING.

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UT-DOOR preaching boasts of great antiquity ; indeed, it is the oldest kind of preaching, so that it is not only poetically but historically true, that “the groves were God’s first temples,” and of necessity the first preaching as done by patriarchs and prophets, was done under foliage-domed trees, by the murmuring water-courses, or in the crowded marts of busy trade. It has the highest sanction and warrant also ; for not only did the noble men of the old dispensation deliver their awfully grand and impressive messages in the open fields and under the blue sky, but Jesus, *The Model*, uttered most of His gracious sayings and pronounced most of His discourses in the village streets, on the lake shores, or on the mountain slopes ; wherever, indeed, He found the people collected together.

The first building erected for worship, according to monetheistic faith, was the Temple of Solomon ; and this seemed needed as the completion of that series of object-lessons by which the Supreme taught divine truth to that sensuous age, and because of the cumbersome sacrificial and typical character of the services.

But this temple was begun only about one thousand years before Christ. No churches were erected by the early Christians until about A. D. 200 ; then, in A. D. 305, they were all razed to the ground by order of Diocletian. It was only under Constantine that Christian churches were built and fostered into permanence. Antecedent to this, they did their preaching, praying and worshiping in caves or on mountains, in private houses or retired valleys. And it is worthy of observation that with the erection of churches religion became less a thing of experience than of form ; and, losing the warmth of its early love, out-door preaching fell into entire neglect, and the masses were uncared for, except as they would report themselves at the more formal and public church service. To me, the fact that the heathen first caught the idea of a temple for their deity from the sepulchres of their dead is most significant. These early temples were regarded as the residence of the god they worshipped, into which only the priest entered, while the people offered their homage and devotion on the outside. Is it not too often true that our church buildings are only magnificent mausoleums in which *earnest* Christianity is extinct, and only the pulseless skeleton of form is preserved ?

Under the Wesleys, their coadjutors and itinerant successors, out-door preaching was revived, if not from *choice*, from *necessity* ; for houses of worship, halls, and school-buildings were closed against them.

And this was true of *New* as well as of *Old* England ; hence, the street corner, the public parks or gardens, the fields or woods, were the only places left them. Baptized of the Holy Ghost and commissioned of God as they were to evangelize the people, they pushed out into the thickest of the foe (blest incendiaries of the cross ! ) until the combustible material that surrounded them was soon lighted and burning with holy fervor. And right well adapted to this field service were those early Methodist preachers ; for as a rule, they were the sons of poor parents, whose only legacy to their children was (aside from grace) the best of all, sound bodies. From childhood, most of them were accustomed to out-door sports and work, and inured from youth to severe manual labor. Hence, they were men of stalwart frames, iron constitutions, and incredible powers of endurance ; there were few dyspeptics, and fewer consumptives, among them. Men who could ride on horse back from one to ten thousand miles a year, through all kinds of weather, shooting their own game, cooking their own meals, “blazing” their way through trackless forests, sleeping in the rude cabins of the early settlers, or under the open sky, in woods or on prairies, with the saddle for a pillow and the earth for a bed, were in a good humor with Dame Nature, and she most graciously bestowed upon them her greatest blessing,—*health*. With good stomach, active liver and sound lungs, they were blessed with excellent voices, being rich, mellow, pen-



etrating and far-reaching. Many of them could be distinctly heard, in the quiet evening, a mile away.

Such men as Lee, Garrettson, Bangs, Finley, Cartwright, Swazey, Sansom, Bigelow, Strange, Taylor, and others, could arrest and hold the attention of any audience on earth, melting them into tenderness, rousing them into activity, or awing them into silence, by the silvery eloquence of their utterances. They were sent to the "lost sheep of the House of Israel," and out into the mountains, forests, and by-ways they went; for they were sent with a message to the people, and the *people* they meant to reach.

By this persistent out-door work they proved two things: viz., that they believed the world was their parish, and the poor their parishioners. In this early day Methodism was esteemed as a clever device of the devil by which to deceive the elect, and had, therefore, no rights which the churches were bound to respect. It was regarded as without warrant of Scripture, an innovation so startling as to imperil the sanity of the community, the welfare of souls, and the very existence of the church itself.

But human nature is a queer thing to deal with, and these enthusiastic ministers, when denied the churches and public halls, instead of going to their original callings, felt "that necessity was laid" upon them to go into the streets to sing their songs, offer their prayers, and preach their sermons; and, thank God, "the common people heard" them "gladly!" The crowd, you

know, will instinctively help the weak against the strong, and so they naturally took sides with these harmless but persecuted ministers, giving them their sympathy and attention at first, and very soon their support and affection.

From these people, converts were obtained, then societies were formed, and then followed the opening of private houses for religious services, then the barns ; then followed the erection of churches, and Methodism, with her fiery earnestness, began to burn her way into all ranks of society, gathering strength, influence and numbers so rapidly that she smiled at opposition, and steadily labored to spread "scriptural holiness" in the earth.

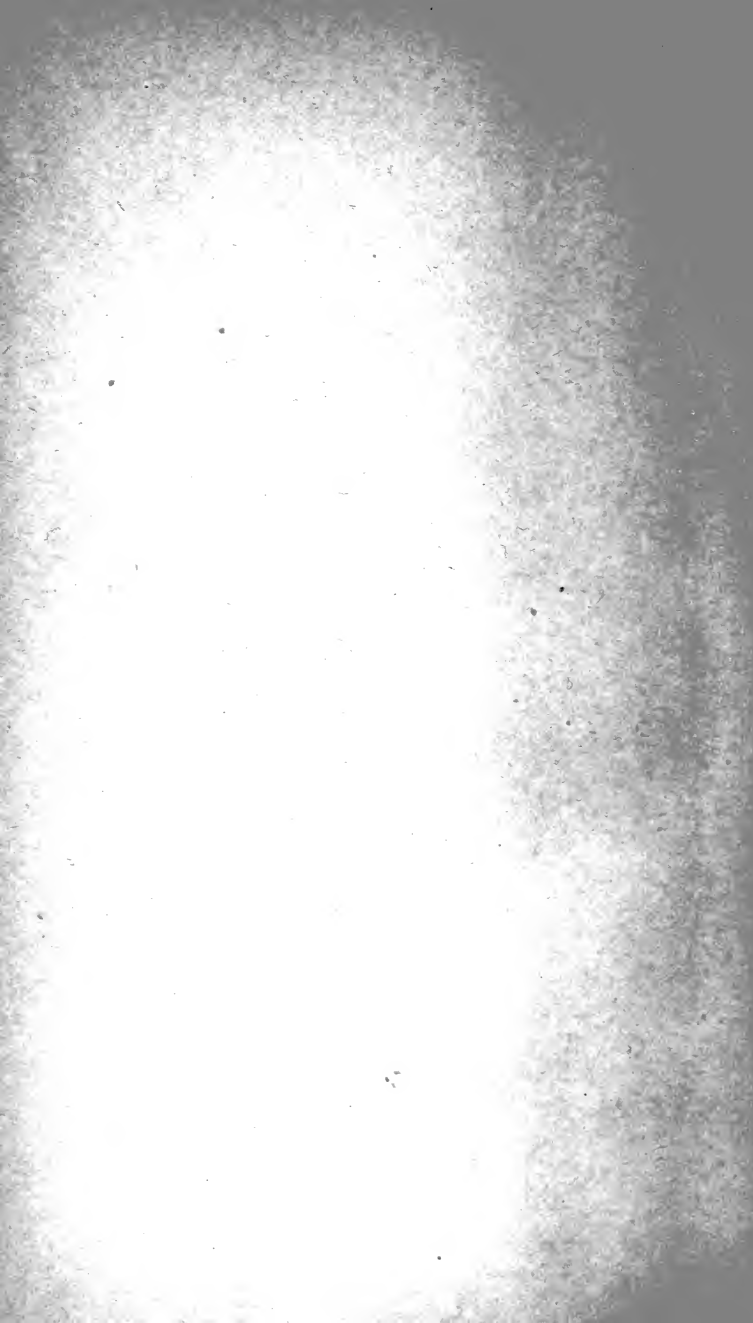
And right here history repeats itself ; for, having our influence, numbers, and costly churches, we became formal, — having lost much of our early simplicity and earnestness, — and out-door preaching, except on very special occasions, had fallen into general disuse, so that, until quite recently, few among us could be found to stand on a store-box "singing for Jesus," or delivering a gospel message of life and salvation to the hurrying crowd of thoughtless men, who, forgetful of God, and careless of their souls, were being borne with the rapidity of time to remediless woe.

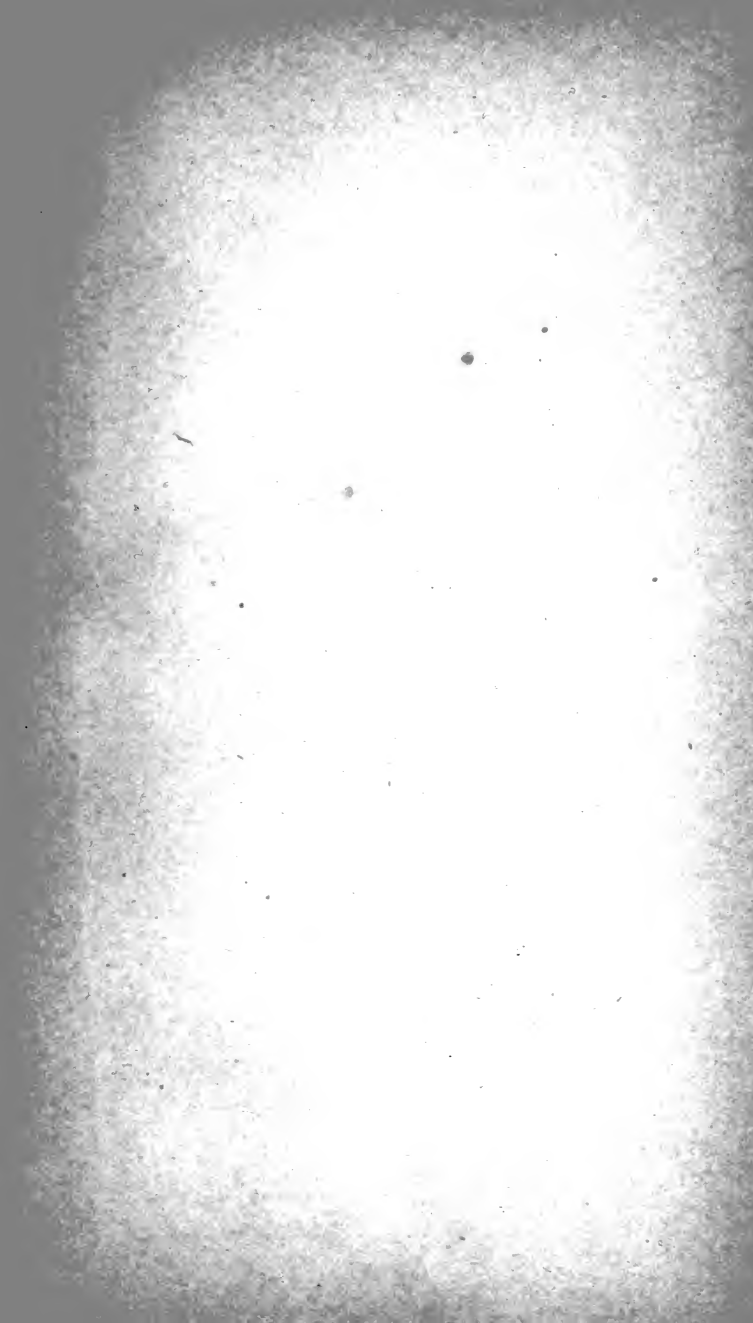
It is true, the *masses* do not come to our churches, and are not reached by our ministry. If we would save the people, and build up our churches, it is as true now as ever that we must "*go out and bring them*

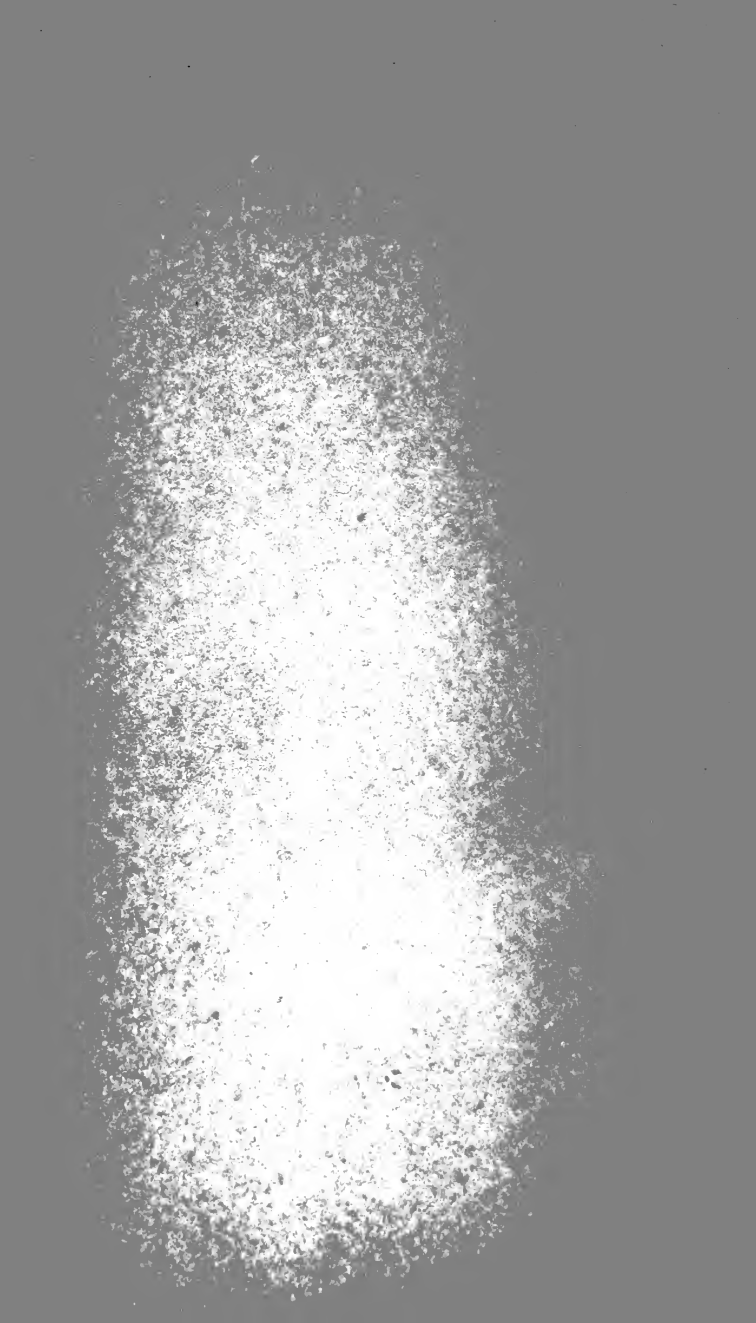
*in!*" We can find and reach them on the street corner, in the parks, public gardens, or on the common ; and if we interest them (as we will if our *hearts* are in the work), they will follow us to our churches and be easily won to Christ.

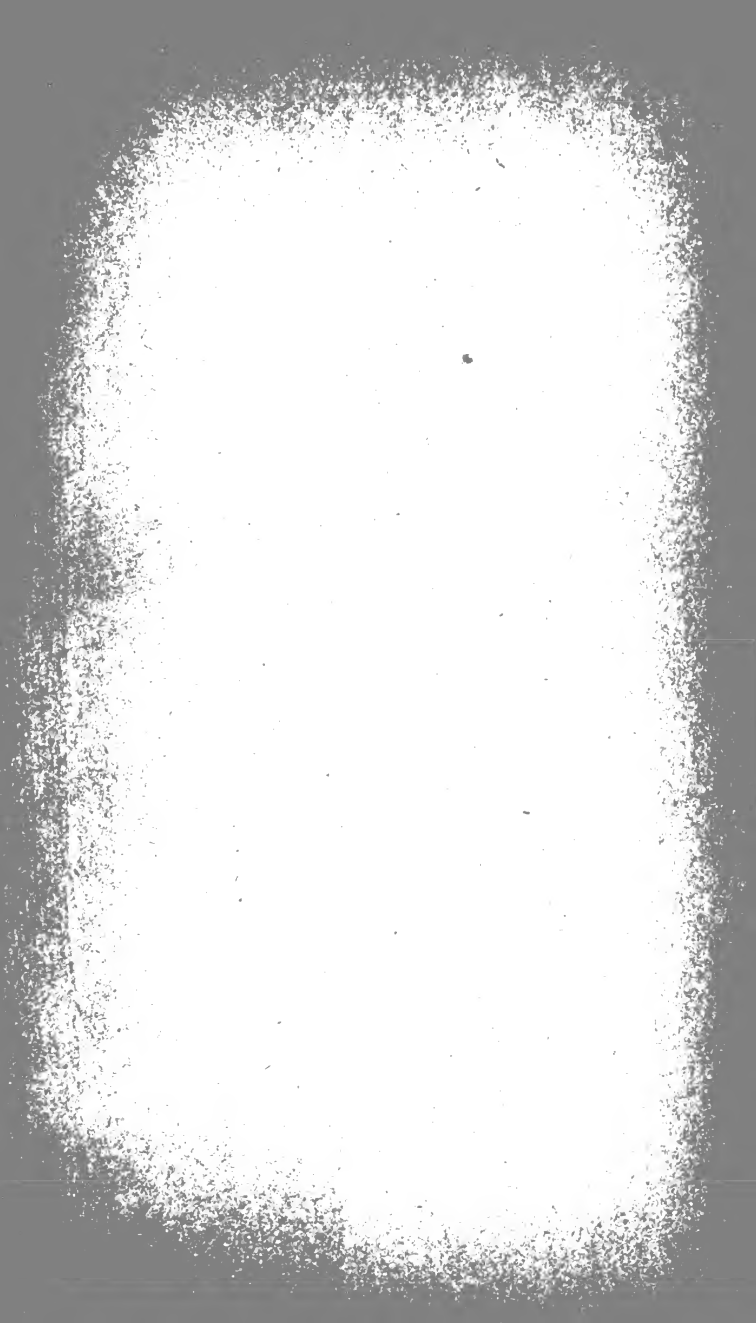
I thank God that to the great awakening of 1857-8 are we indebted for the "Young Men's Christian Association," and to our terrible fratricidal war for "The Christian Commission," both of which went to the people, in the simplicity of the Gospel, to preach Jesus, and offer a willing Saviour to the willing soul. To these organizations are we indebted for the revival in the modern church of out-door preaching, — this God-blessed method of saving souls.

I would that God would send upon all His ministers a baptism so full that it would push us out to the front all along the line, instead of lying inactive behind our breastworks, tempting disease and cultivating melancholy ! If we would but go out on the skirmish-line with faith in God and in His word, I am sure many of us would make ourselves illustrious in success, and leave our names embalmed in the memories of hundreds saved through our labors.









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